

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

No. 1,023, Vol. 39.

June 5, 1875.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

IT was natural that Lord RUSSELL should ask for some information from the Government as to the recent Continental crisis, and it was perhaps also natural that he should ask for papers that evidently could not be produced, and should stray into historical recollections that were conspicuously irrelevant. Lord RUSSELL has been seized with a sudden fit of admiration for a treaty made in 1814 to which England was a party, and by which France was reduced to the boundaries of 1792. Lord RUSSELL appears to consider that this treaty is not only theoretically in force at the present moment, but is so binding that, if France had been successful in the war of 1870, England would have been obliged to go to war with France, had France claimed as the reward of success to extend her boundaries at the expense of Germany. On the other hand, Lord RUSSELL sees no objection to Germany having, as the reward of victory, curtailed the territory of France, and brought it below what was sanctioned by the treaty of 1814. His notion is that England is bound by a perpetual and sacred engagement, lasting through all time and operating under every set of circumstances, to allow France to be made less in regard to territory, but never to allow her to be made greater. This is a very curious sort of treaty, and, to put things as gently as possible, it may be said to be calculated to embarrass our diplomatic relations with France. Fortunately, when he was Foreign Secretary, Lord RUSSELL forgot its existence; and he was accustomed to receive with exemplary patience the repeated declarations of the late EMPEROR of the FRENCH that he regarded the whole system of treaties made on the downfall of his uncle as virtually abrogated. The effect of bold assertion on public opinion is incontestable; and the French had so often declared that they regarded the Rhine as the frontier belonging to them by a sort of inherent and natural right, that, if they had been successful in 1870, it would have been looked on as quite in the proper order of things that they should swallow up a slice of German territory, while the Germans were denounced as doing something monstrous and inhuman when they, being the conquerors, swallowed up a slice of French territory. Time alone can accustom Europe to look on Metz and Strasburg as belonging properly to Germany. In 1814 England aided in imposing severe conditions on France, whom she had helped to conquer, after a war lasting for many years. Lord RUSSELL wishes to see the spirit which animated England in 1814 again revive, and probably it will do so when anything like a similar state of things recurs. That a veteran English statesman should record as the mature fruit of his wisdom and experience a belief that we can, without having raised a finger and without the slightest intention to spend a shilling or risk a life in the matter, settle for ever the boundaries between France and Germany, is one of those facts which are rather curious as showing by whom we are governed than instructive as to what we ought to do.

Lord DERBY is the last man in the world to be animated by the spirit of a treaty made sixty years ago under very peculiar circumstances, and which he knows he has not the power, if he had the wish, to enforce. It was not in the spirit of the treaty of 1814 that he set to work to maintain peace a month ago, but in the humble spirit of a mediator who thinks it a pity that two Powers, neither of which wants to go to war, should not be induced to keep quiet. What Lord DERBY

had to deal with was a state of suspicion and distrust. He was able to inform the House of Lords that he did not believe that France was contemplating a renewal of the war, and that he equally did not believe that Germany was contemplating a new war for the purpose of crushing France while still weak. What he did find was that persons of the highest position in Germany were possessed with a conviction that France was arming for an immediate struggle, and what he had got to do was to help to dispel this conviction. It was obvious that, if this conviction had exercised its sway for a little time longer, the German Government might have taken some overt step which it would have been difficult to recall. It might have required France to cease its efforts to reorganize its army; and if this requirement had ever been made, either the French Government must have undergone the humiliation of conceding a demand based on the assumption that it had been doing something which it knew it had not done, or the neutral Powers must have forced Germany to retract its demand, or there must have been a new war. Happily, Russia was at hand in time, and the CZAR preserved peace by making clear to the excited minds of these Germans in high position that France was not arming for a new war, and was merely doing what she was perfectly entitled to do, in laying the foundation of a new and better army. All that England had to do, and all that Lord DERBY claims to have done, was to back up the assurances of Russia. France, in fact, pledged herself to Russia and England that she was not preparing for a new war, and Germany expressed herself satisfied on this pledge being communicated to her. What has been the secret history of the German panic, who the people in the highest position were, and how they managed to get the control of the semi-official press, is more than we are likely to know at present. That Prince BISMARCK was one of these people seems unlikely, not only because he is said to have subsequently denied it in very forcible terms, but because to act on an erroneous assumption, and to endanger peace without seeing his way to war, would indicate a state of excitement and irresolution much below the usual level of his policy. That there were some people who nearly got Germany into a serious scrape is incontestable, and nothing can be more idle than the attempts now being made by the semi-official press to eat its own wretched words, and scoff at the notion that alarm was ever meant to be awakened. In one way Prince BISMARCK may not much regret what has taken place, for it is no doubt convenient to Germany that France should stand pledged to Russia and England not, for the present, to take any steps towards provoking a new war. But Prince BISMARCK must have seen how dangerous and compromising an instrument of government a semi-official press is when it attacks foreign nations, and he may be reasonably expected to profit by the experience which the last few weeks have given him.

As Lord DERBY very justly remarked, the danger is only averted for the moment; it is not permanently removed. France is entitled to have an army, and an army worthy of her. In a few years she will have a very large and probably a very good army, well trained, well officered, and well equipped. She is rich, and she is spending vast sums on her army. At present she is quite unprepared for war, as she has wisely begun by collecting arms and stores and introducing a good military system. The men exist for the most part on paper only, but, when she is ready to arm and train them, she will fill up the skeletons of her regiments. Then she will have an army of the

first class, and the Germans will have to face the danger that any day this army of the first class may be used against them. There is no help for this. Prince BISMARCK always said from the first moment when victory had pronounced for Germany that this danger would exist, and he justified the seizure of Metz and Strasburg on the ground that, as some day or other France would wish to revenge Sedan, the best thing Germany could do was to secure as far as possible the chances of a future war in her favour. Time may no doubt do something to soften the asperities of French hatred, and France, with her recollection of the past, and with the influences of growing wealth telling on her, is not likely to provoke another German war rashly and with a light heart. But if France did decide to encounter the risks of a fresh struggle, Germany need not much fear the results of a single-handed contest with France. It is difficult to see how France is to get at Germany, whereas all France lies open to a German invasion. Germany might be beaten, but she would start with enormous advantages. It is not really the danger of a war with France standing alone that Prince BISMARCK fears. He sees that the time may come when France, being ready for war, will seek in alliances the probability of making war successfully. The result is that Prince BISMARCK is always looking up his allies to see that all is right, and that they are not being led astray by the enemy. For the moment everything is satisfactory. Russia is ostentatiously friendly, and Austria, affecting to take some slight offence at the part she played in the late crisis remaining unnoticed, has implored the world to understand that directly she received assurances of pacific intentions from Berlin, she was so satisfied and happy that she thought it needless to take any further trouble in the matter. This is all that Prince BISMARCK could ask for the time being; but the really critical moment will arrive when, France being ready for war, serious attempts are made to sow the seeds of strife between Germany and its present allies.

#### THE PRIVILEGE QUESTION.

IT may be hoped that the great Privilege question is disposed of for the present. An ancient rule, founded originally on sufficient grounds, had become intolerable when it was reduced to an absurdity. Almost any custom or regulation may be rendered impracticable if it is pushed for vexatious purposes into exaggeration. Mr. DISRAELI may be excused for his slowness in discerning the necessity of change. As one of the speakers on Monday night remarked, until Mr. C. LEWIS moved that the reporters of the proceedings of the Foreign Loans Committee had been guilty of a breach of privilege, it had not occurred to any member that a change in the Standing Orders was necessary. As a large majority has now rejected Lord HARTINGTON's motion, the relations between the House and the reporters remain unaltered. Mr. LEWIS must content himself with the credit of having unintentionally suggested to some Irish members an opportunity of annoyance. Although the publication of reports is still a breach of privilege, it is no longer competent for a single member to emulate the achievements of Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. SULLIVAN. The only evil to be apprehended from the change is the encouragement which Mr. DISRAELI's concession may possibly offer to ingenious contrivers of petty mischief. There is nothing to prevent any busybody from moving, daily or weekly, that a publisher shall be summoned to the bar of the House for breach of privilege; but nearly the same interruption of business may be effected by motions for the adjournment of the House, and on the whole it is necessary to run the risk of a conspiracy to render business impossible. Notwithstanding Mr. HORSMAN's attack on the front Opposition bench, Lord HARTINGTON's Resolutions were honestly intended to remove the inconvenience with which Mr. DISRAELI had declined to interfere. Yet the leader of the Opposition was too sanguine in expecting that the minority would be allowed to assume the functions which traditionally belong to the Government. Mr. HORSMAN expounded correctly the ordinary course of proceeding when it becomes necessary to reconsider Standing Orders and questions of privilege. The representative of the Government in the House consults with the Speaker and the leader of Opposition, and the result of their deliberations is approved by general consent. The majority against Lord HARTINGTON's motion affirmed the expediency of the usual practice.

The solution of the difficulty which had arisen proved to

be less simple than it seemed. To avert the wrath of Mr. SULLIVAN, Lord HARTINGTON promised in a hurry to propose some change in the rules of the House; but a few days afterwards Mr. LOWE explained on his behalf that he was still deliberating on the subject; and the Resolution which was rejected by the House of Commons was obviously objectionable. If reports are to be regarded as breaches of privilege only when they contain wilful misrepresentation, almost any kind of inaccuracy, if not of scurrility, would be covered by the exception. It would be almost impossible to prove that misrepresentation was wilful; and there might be endless discussions on the question whether a speaker had been in fact misrepresented. It is possible that the perverse ingenuity of troublesome members may render some new Standing Order necessary; but in the meantime it is not unreasonable to try whether the recent epidemic of privilege is destined to recur. Mr. ROEBUCK's proposal that different rules should be applied to reporters and to ordinary strangers involves an unnecessary theoretical innovation. Notwithstanding Mr. SULLIVAN's professional indignation, a reporter, though he discharges a useful function, holds no public position. A shorthand writer whose notes are printed in full may properly be made an officer of a Court or of a legislative assembly; but a reporter who exercises his own judgment on the records of debate which he publishes is a private and independent person. In practice the reporters are provided with a gallery of their own; and any additional accommodation which they may at any time require ought to be readily accorded. In its public character the House can only recognize them as strangers, admitted to hear the debates by indulgence. When the PRINCE OF WALES has been actually turned out of the House as an intruder, a reporter who once in half a century receives the same affront may well suppress his jealousy. For some time to come no member will, except for the purpose of annoying the rest of the House, imitate the ill-judged proceeding which was directed, not against newspapers, but against Mr. LOWE and the Foreign Loans Committee.

Mr. DISRAELI's motion, though it may perhaps hereafter require some amendment, was accepted as satisfactory by all parties. Mr. NEWDEGATE's alternative plan had probably suggested to many other members, as well as to Mr. DISRAELI, the awful spectre of Mr. BIGGAR. It might not be unreasonable that a notice of the presence of strangers should be explained, and, if possible, justified; but Mr. BIGGAR would take four hours in defending the course which he lately adopted in a moment. There can be no reason why the House should not supersede a single member as judge of the expediency of enforcing its rules. It is not impossible that occurrences might arise in which privacy of debate might be, as an exception, convenient. Mr. NEWDEGATE's long experience enabled him to cite the precedent of an Attorney-General who cleared the House of strangers when he introduced a Bill for making legal certain marriages which had been void in consequence of a casual informality. It was evidently desirable that the innocent victims of an accident should not be exposed to useless publicity. The Speaker or Chairman of Committees is invested with a power of discriminating between different classes of strangers by clearing at his discretion any part of the galleries for the maintenance of order. As Mr. FORSTER remarked, it is conceivable that at some remote period a majority in the House might, like the Jacobins in the French Convention, invite the sympathy and applause of confederates among the audience. In that case it would be some security for freedom of debate that the Speaker should exercise an impartial control over the promoters of disorder. Mr. DISRAELI apparently forgot to provide that the power of excluding strangers should only be exercised once in the same sitting or the same debate. It has lately become necessary to legislate for extreme cases, and it is possible that a whole night might be occupied in divisions on the question whether strangers should be ordered to withdraw.

It was pleasant to find that Mr. HORSMAN was still willing and able to resume his painful office of exposing the errors of his own political allies. Sir W. HARCOURT, who provoked his censure, is perhaps not wholly exempt from a tendency to take advantage of casual mistakes committed by his political opponents. He had no reason to complain of Mr. HORSMAN's conclusion, because he shared the blame with nearly the whole of his party. Mr. DISRAELI's slowness and hesitation had in the first instance annoyed some hasty supporters, who have since discovered that privilege is a



difficult and delicate subject matter to deal with. The Liberal papers have made too much of the slackness of the Minister, and of Lord HARTINGTON's merit in assuming his temporarily abandoned post. Mr. DISRAELI, who still inclines to his first opinion, has probably endured the censure of friends and opponents with his usual equanimity; but Mr. HOESMAN's disapproval of the conduct of his friends partakes of the character of vicarious remorse. He could have borne the misconduct of the Conservatives; but that Liberals should be influenced by party motives is to him wholly intolerable. There may have been consolation in the good grace with which the Opposition afterwards submitted to defeat. Having ascertained the strength of the majority, Lord HARTINGTON declined to trouble the House with a speech in support of his second Resolution, nor did he put the Government to the trouble of a division. It is admitted on all sides that questions of order and privilege should, if possible, be placed in the hands of the Ministerial leader. It was only when Mr. DISRAELI quoted the authority of Lord LYNDEHURST for absolute and perpetual inaction that Lord HARTINGTON intervened. It became evident in the course of the debate that many members belonging to different parties shared Mr. DISRAELI's disinclination to even a moderate and harmless change. Long experience of the House of Commons fortunately produces an almost superstitious attachment to its peculiarities and its forms. No member is quite certain that in possible contingencies even obsolete weapons might not prove serviceable. Lord LYNDEHURST and his pupil, Mr. DISRAELI, objected as strongly to the definition of privilege as to its restriction in any particular instance. In former times the House of Commons claimed as a privilege every security which was found by experience to conduce to its defence against the Crown or to its power in the State. The elasticity which depends on an unlimited right of interpretation is in some degree hampered by every relaxation of the Standing Orders.

#### THE FRENCH PUBLIC POWERS BILL.

THE Committee of Thirty has gone to work with as much zest as though its labours had nothing to do with the dissolution of the Assembly. Perhaps the sensation of waiting for unknown contingencies is too exciting to be long endured, and as a general election must come this year, it may seem better to get over the preliminaries as early as possible. On Saturday the Committee discussed the clauses of the Public Powers Bill which determine the relations between the President and the Chambers. The second clause gives the President the power of proroguing Parliament and of convoking it for a special Session. He can also adjourn the Chambers for a month, provided that he does not do so more than twice in a Session. Neither prorogation nor adjournments must interfere with the term of five months which another clause assigns as the minimum duration of the Session. The seventh clause gives the President the right of negotiating and ratifying treaties, which he is to communicate to the Legislature as soon as the interest and safety of the State allow. Treaties of commerce and treaties relating to the cession or acquisition of territory must be accepted by both Chambers before ratification. The Committee were a little startled by the extent of the powers thus vested in the President, but they seem to have been fairly satisfied by the explanations of M. DUBAURE and M. BUFFET. M. DUBAURE said plainly that he did not think that the second clause went far enough. He defined its object to be the negation of the principle of permanence in the Legislature. By this he probably meant that he would have liked to see the President invested with the power of dissolving Parliament; and, supposing the President to hold in this respect the position of a Constitutional King, and to dissolve Parliament only on the recommendation of his Ministers, M. DUBAURE is undoubtedly in the right. It is exceedingly inconvenient for a Government to be compelled to go on with a hostile Assembly when they know or suspect all the time that the country is on their side. It is singular that Republicans should not understand that to give the Executive the right of appeal to the country is in fact a strengthening of the representative element, not of the Executive. So long as there is no means of ascertaining the opinion of the electors, a President can at least claim to understand it better than the

existing Chambers, and relying, or affecting to rely, on his superior discernment, he may be tempted to try the experiment of a *coup d'état*. But when he has the right of dissolution he cannot decently make such a claim, inasmuch as he has in his own hands the power of testing whether he or the Chambers have read public opinion most accurately. If he refuses to use this power, he cannot employ the one plea which can supply even a plausible excuse for a *coup d'état*. If he uses it, the evidence as to the feeling of the country will usually be too unmistakable to dispose him to disregard it.

The majority of the Committee were more disturbed, however, at the limitation of the power of the Legislature to convoke itself. They doubted, with some reason perhaps, whether there is not more likelihood of the President abusing the interval of seven months during which he can govern without a Parliament than of his needlessly summoning one. The second clause directs him to convoke the Chambers for an Extraordinary Session whenever a demand to that effect is made by half, plus one, of the members composing each Chamber. There appears to be some uncertainty as to the exact sense of this provision. In its most natural signification it means that, in order to secure an Extraordinary Session, 151 Senators and 251 deputies must join in demanding it. To this the obvious objection is made that, if the President can command the votes of 150 Senators, he can defy the whole of the Lower House. On Monday M. RICARD carried an amendment reducing the number of members to a third of each Chamber, so that unless more than two-thirds of the Senators are opposed to an extraordinary Session an important minority in the Chamber of Deputies can be sure of obtaining one. This is not an unreasonable change, supposing that any indisposition on the part of the President to convoke the Chambers is really to be dreaded. It does not seem probable, however, that any attacks of the Executive on the Constitution, or any attempts of the Executive to commit France to a particular policy without her consent being first had, will assume the particular shape which the author of this amendment fears. Strong Governments seem everywhere to have learnt that a Parliament can be the most useful of instruments. For that lesson, at least, Europe is indebted to Prince BISMARCK. It must be a poor Minister who cannot do in the Legislature anything that he could safely do out of it. It is true that when a President of a former French Republic had resolved to alter the Constitution by a *coup d'état*, his first act was to send the more obstinate deputies to prison. But no provision about Extraordinary Sessions would have prevented this. The Assembly was sitting at the time; indeed it was of the very essence of this particular *coup d'état* that the blow was struck at the Legislature, not in the absence of the Legislature.

Perhaps the Left have also in mind the sudden declaration of war in 1870, and wish, supposing a similar state of affairs should ever arise while Parliament is not sitting, to make it easier for a pacific minority to get it called together. But the experience of July 1870, as of most other crises of the same kind, shows that at a moment like that Parliament is completely in the hands of the Executive. The Government know precisely what has happened, and they have usually the power of deciding how much of their knowledge shall be imparted to the public. They must have a very poor case indeed if they are unable to show that the honour of the country demands something or other, and that, in order to obtain this something or other, it is indispensable to go to war forthwith. This equally applies to the only other important amendment introduced into the Bill by the Committee. The power to declare war seems much more formidable than it really is. Before it can be exercised to any purpose a Government must be sure of a certain amount of support in the country, and the chances are that where that is forthcoming the Legislature will be fairly docile. The Committee have decided, however, that war shall not be declared except with the consent of the two Chambers. It seems almost impossible that this provision can be meant to remain. Foreign complications will not always come to a head just when Parliament is sitting, and it might conceivably be ruinous to delay declaring war until the necessary formalities of calling it together had been gone through. Under these circumstances a resolute Minister would act without Parliament, and take his chance of getting an indemnity afterwards. But a weak Minister might be afraid to do this, and so, perhaps, let slip an opportunity which might,

never occur again. In the former case the constitution would have been violated, in the latter case the country might have been injured past reparation; and all this would have been done just to satisfy a pedantic scruple. It is expected, however, that the Government will yield on this point, not from any respect for the restriction it is proposed to place on the Executive, but merely because they hope that the desire to impose such a restriction, and the readiness to accept it, will be accepted as conclusive proofs that France has no intention of waging a war of revenge. But it may be well for them to remember that, if the imposition of the restriction is significant, its removal must be significant also; and that, though the prohibition to declare war except with the consent of the two Chambers may be repealed from purely constitutional reasons, its repeal may nevertheless be accepted as implying an intention to use the liberty when it has been regained. Still the opportunity of impressing Germany with a sense of the wish of France to remain at peace is perhaps too convenient to be thrown away. On the other point, the substitution of one-third for one-half as the requisite number of members required for the convocation of a special Session, the Government are supposed to be more resolved. The question is not of sufficient moment to make it prudent to show distrust of the Legislature.

#### SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE AND HIS CRITICS.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has fairly earned the holiday which Chancellors of the Exchequer practically enjoy from the close of one year's Budget debates to the following April. With one nominal exception his scheme was not ambitious; but the Opposition benches swarm with financiers, and consequently every provision of the Budget has been fully criticized. The result is that, in a condition of affairs which was extremely simple, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is proved to have adopted a prudent and unobjectionable course. He enjoys one great advantage in not being troubled with colleagues whom it will be necessary to consult. Mr. LOWE, Mr. CHILDEES, and Mr. GOSCHEN are all possible candidates for the office of Finance Minister, and perhaps any one of them may, like the principal Grecian chiefs before Troy, be accounted an equal adversary of the solitary representative of Ministerial finance. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's early master and acknowledged superior, both in knowledge and eloquence, condescended on more than one occasion to leave his tents for the purpose of entering the field against him; and yet the defender of the official stronghold may boast that he has emerged unharmed from the contest. Mr. HUBBARD's motion and arguments are directed not so much against the Budget of the year as against the doctrine of the majority of economists, and the practice of all financial Ministers. If it is desirable that Imperial and local taxation should be based on a novel and artificial assessment, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE have anticipated Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in preference of an older and simpler system. The episode of Sir WILFRID LAWSON's speech on brewers' licences scarcely partook of the character of party opposition. If it is necessary or just that after many years a substitute for the hop duty should be permanently retained, the amended scale of brewers' licences may perhaps be tolerated. To the suggestion that a percentage should be added to the Malt-tax in lieu of the licences, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied by a kind of motion of interpleader. It was the business of Colonel BARTHELOT to defend the rights of the barley-growers against the insidious attack of the avowed enemy of beer. There is no reason why a single class of manufacturers should be subjected to a special burden; but the Malt-tax itself forms an exception to the general policy of leaving the subject-matter of industry untaxed.

Students of Mr. GLADSTONE's Parliamentary habit of mind could not be surprised at his objection to the abolition of stamps on appointments. A tax which causes so much hardship and annoyance, with so little advantage to the Treasury, appears to Mr. GLADSTONE a testimony to the precedence of public interest over private convenience. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER in the first instance proposed to reduce and readjust a charge which is in itself utterly indefensible. On further consideration, he had the good sense to determine on abolishing the Stamp-duty, except where it is charged on patents of office. No reason can be given why a peer should pay 400*l.*, or a Queen's Counsel 60*l.*, on respectively receiving the supposed reward

of public services or the recognition of professional success; but new-made dignitaries are, like brewers, a minority, and their grievances accordingly excite little sympathy. If PITT, among his numerous financial devices, had imposed a special tax on dukes or on aldermen, Mr. GLADSTONE would strenuously resist the abolition of the burden. The members of the late Government might perhaps have adopted a more dignified course if they had abstained from trifling cavils on an unpretending Budget, which may be said to have made itself; but Parliamentary vigilance is a respectable quality, and it may be desirable for an Opposition to observe party traditions. Mr. GLADSTONE and his lieutenants have probably succeeded in creating an impression on the minds of their followers that the Conservative and Liberal parties are, as on more important questions, divided in their policy as to subventions in aid of local taxation, and as to Savings Banks. To disinterested observers it would seem that, in adhering to the principles and practice of his predecessors, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has not exhibited a dangerous originality. He has had much reason to congratulate himself on the absence of a surplus, for which there might have been many rival claimants. It still remains doubtful whether Mr. FAWCETT thinks that the ratepayers have suffered wrong through the neglect of the Government to redeem the vague pledges which had sometimes been given by Conservatives in opposition. The ex-Ministers who supported Mr. FAWCETT were equally at a loss for reasons to prove that a revolution ought to have been effected in local finance or administration.

On one subject of discussion Mr. GLADSTONE was in the right, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER probably shared his opinion. There is no reason why a premium in the form of high interest should be allowed by the State to depositors in private Savings Banks. Mr. CROSS's contention that it is justifiable to encourage habits of thrift will not bear examination. The object may be desirable in itself, but charity is not a legitimate charge on the proceeds of taxation. The Post Office Savings Banks, for which the country is indebted to the provident sagacity of Mr. GLADSTONE, effect the same purpose with better security to the depositor, and without loss to the State. The funds of both kinds of institutions are equally guaranteed by the national credit; but in the private banks they may be intercepted through the dishonesty of trustees and managers. It may perhaps have been necessary for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and Mr. GLADSTONE to expose once more the common delusion that the State is a trustee of the Savings Bank funds, and not simply a banker. The loss which has been incurred through the private banks and the profit on the Post Office account are equally remote from the interests of the depositors, who are absolutely secured from loss as long as the Government is solvent. It is not surprising that Finance Ministers should hesitate to reduce the rate of interest on the deposits of the old Savings Banks. The operation would terminate the competition which exists with the Post Office Savings Banks, and it would be unpopular with depositors. It is not a little remarkable that the new banks have already attracted a large share of business. If the rate of interest were in all cases the same, there would be no further reason for maintaining the machinery of private Savings Banks. A large number of petty officials would consequently be deprived of their employment, and the depositors would probably complain of the compulsory reduction of interest. If the Post Office Banks continue to gain on their competitors, the pressure on the Government which may happen to be in office will be proportionately diminished. In the meantime it is proper that the deficiency which has been incurred should no longer be allowed to accumulate. The application to the purpose of the surplus on the Post Office Savings Bank accounts is an insufficient remedy; and although it may be excused in a particular instance, it could not be justified as a permanent practice.

The experiment of investing public money in securities which pay a higher rate of interest than Consols may perhaps be worth trying. The present proposal is confined to loans contracted by local bodies under powers conferred by public Acts. The distinction between special and general powers to borrow is arbitrary and perhaps deceptive. There is a wide difference between the credit of the Metropolitan Board of Works or of the Manchester



Corporation and that of a petty Local Board; while public and private Acts create securities of equal value, if they are charged on the same rates. In practice no Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to accept any local security which is not of the highest class; and experience will show whether his investments tend to raise the price of provincial stocks and to lower the value of the public funds. Either under the existing system, or with a wider range of investment, great embarrassment might be caused by a run on the Savings Banks. It has been pointed out by the *Economist* that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, though he is a banker on the largest scale, keeps no reserve to meet a sudden demand. In times of difficulty Consols could only be sold at a loss; and probably corporation stocks would be almost unsaleable. According to the SECRETARY of the TREASURY, the Terminable Annuities supply money beyond the average demand, but the provision would be inadequate to meet the contingency of a panic. Financial debates on technical questions are necessarily left in the hands of a few members who possess special knowledge. The larger issues which are tendered to the House by Mr. HUBBARD or Sir GEORGE JENKINSON may perhaps excite more general interest, but a Chancellor of the Exchequer has a great advantage in his defensive position and in his primary duty of providing a sufficient revenue from the taxes as they are at present apportioned. Even if he agreed with his critics, he would scarcely be able to produce a Budget which should be founded on a total readjustment of taxation. The comparative claims of intelligence and skill on one side and of property on the other are much more obscure and ambiguous than brewers' licences or the Malt-tax. The exclusive liability of certain kinds of property to rates may perhaps, as Sir GEORGE JENKINSON says, be as great a violation of justice as can well be conceived; but it is familiar and of old standing.

#### CORRUPT PRACTICES AT ELECTIONS.

THE Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the operation of the Acts by which corrupt practices at elections are supposed to be punished, and into some of the more debateable points in the present system of trying election petitions, has made its Report. Some of the conclusions at which the Committee has arrived are sufficiently startling, and the record of its proceedings shows that its members were much divided in opinion. Until, however, the evidence taken has been published, it is perhaps premature to pronounce any very decided opinion on the recommendations of the Committee. The suggested change that first attracts notice in the Report is that election petitions should be tried, not by one Judge, but by two. It may be doubted whether the Government or the House of Commons will approve of the suggestion. Both the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Mr. SPENCER WALPOLE declared their preference for the maintenance of the present system, and although the majority for the suggested change was considerable, it contained the names of no members who have at any time borne the responsibilities of office. The arguments against the change are more obvious than those for it. A new and heavy tax would be put on the judicial strength of the country, or, if the existing number of election Judges was to do the work, petitions must be disposed of much more slowly than at present. A single Judge would appear to be perfectly competent to decide on the character of evidence which, although disagreeable to deal with, as it often reveals nothing but the vile practices of petty local intriguers on their too willing victims, is not, as a rule, particularly complicated or doubtful. If the Judge makes a mistake in law, there is the Court of Common Pleas to set him right. If the subsequent proposals of the Committee were carried out, a small criminal jurisdiction would be assigned to the election Judges, but the utmost penalties to be imposed fall far below what a stipendiary magistrate, sitting alone, can inflict. It seems like opening a turnpike-gate with heavy artillery to enact that two of the highest Judges shall sit together to inflict sentences of imprisonment for a term not exceeding three calendar months with or without hard labour. The only argument as yet made public for the change to two Judges rests on the assumption that some of the election Judges will always be good, weak creatures, indisposed to severity, and ready to look with undue compassion on the sorrows of a sitting member. The remedy

proposed is to send another Judge, of a harsh and resolute character, to take care of the gentle and vacillating Judge. It is supposed that the more amiable person will always yield to the less amiable, and thus the law will be administered with befitting rigour. A desire to attain this praiseworthy end may have been the secret motive which determined the decision of the majority of the Committee. But it is also possible that their minds were in some degree influenced by considerations of a totally opposite character. Petitions are very disagreeable things, and sitting members may have a natural pity for candidates who have gone through the trouble and expense of a contest, and have thought themselves successful until a petition was brought. Unless there is a very clear case against them, it seems hard that they should be unseated. If the case was very clear, two Judges would only declare a result at which one could have arrived equally well, and so the candidate would lose nothing. But, if the case was not very clear, there would always be the chance of two Judges disagreeing, and so the candidate would have the benefit of the doubt. The argument is, in fact, turned round the other way. The candidate is in danger of falling into the hands of a single, harsh, resolute Judge; and it would be a comfort to him to think that such a Judge would be checked by the co-ordinate authority of a nice, meek, forgiving, tolerant sort of person.

The other main change which the Committee proposes is that there should be a special Public Prosecutor appointed by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who should watch the course of proceedings before the Judges, and, whenever he saw a chance of prosecuting successfully, should summon those who have been shown by the evidence to have been guilty of corrupt practices, and should forthwith have them tried by the election Judges and duly punished. There is much to be said for this proposal. It would do more to put a stop to corrupt practices than anything else would do. At present, when an agent is detected in corrupt practices, he virtually escapes. He could be prosecuted, but he is not. If there were an active young barrister sitting to watch the trial as it proceeded, with the duty cast on him of bringing to speedy trial those who had been shown to have offended, a wholesome terror would be impressed on the minds of the class of persons who generally do the dirty work of elections. There would be some practical difficulties in the way. Imprisonment even without hard labour seems a severe punishment for some practices which are legally corrupt. A member, for example, was not long ago unseated because he had on the eve of the election given permission to his tenants to kill rabbits on his estate, and another member was unseated because he had drawn a very large cheque to pay for a very large tea-party. On the occasion of one of the numerous Stroud elections a member was unseated because some of his most respectable supporters had offered a modest breakfast in a school-room to voters on their way from an outlying district to the poll. All these practices were technically corrupt, and yet they do not seem to call for criminal punishment; while, on the other hand, if the active young barrister did not prosecute offenders in such cases, he would be accused of letting off gentlemen and confining his energies to the prosecution of the poor. It would also in most cases be impossible to collect sufficient legal evidence while the trial of the petition was going on. The two election Judges would therefore have to return to the town where the petition had been tried, and occupy themselves with a new business. The trial of the offenders might probably be often a long one, and it would take much time and money to prepare for it. It is to be feared, too, that it would be even harder than it is now to get evidence to support the petition. In order to check corrupt practices by a petition, it is often necessary to resort to something very like corrupt practices to get witnesses. They may not be bought, but they are certainly paid for handsomely. They do not like coming, and it is only by the inducement to coming being made greater than the wish to stay away that they are produced. If they knew that what they might say on the trial of the petition would probably lead to some one from whom they had been in the habit of receiving petty benefits being punished with imprisonment and hard labour, they would, to put matters in the most favourable light, be inclined to raise the price of their testimony. The whole system might therefore fail by being too good, and corrupt practices might be more effectually screened than ever.

Still, if the machinery devised by the Committee could be made to work, there can be doubt that it might do good. There is a class of persons who are the terror of candidates, who insist on doing dirty work even on the humblest scale, and who thwart the efforts of the most honourable men to keep the election pure. The evidence just published, taken before Mr. Justice LUSH when he was trying the last Norwich petition, affords a striking instance of this. Mr. TILLET was returned, and there can be no doubt whatever that he earnestly wished to avoid everything that the law forbade. Among the payments which he was asked to make and made was a sum a little under a hundred pounds, principally for messengers. This was not a very large amount, and might naturally not suggest any notion of malpractices. It turned out, however, that this sum had been spent to a very large extent in a very humble, but very demoralizing, form of bribery. Voters were employed to carry round circulars, or rather to be ready to carry them round. Nominally acting as messengers, they got about ten or twelve shillings a head for doing nothing. All that they conceived they had to do was to lounge in a public-house on the chance of being wanted. A few circulars were, indeed, sent out to give a sort of colour to the transaction; but a witness acknowledged that what he had charged for as occupying four days could have been got through in an hour and a half. This seems a regular institution at Norwich elections, and one witness stated that with perfect impartiality he had engaged himself as a messenger for both the parties to the contest, and had done nothing for either. How widely this sort of corruption exists at Norwich it is difficult to say, as the trial of the petition was stopped by the sitting member resigning his seat. Mr. Justice LUSH lamented that he had no power to order the trial to go on in order that full disclosures might be made, and one of the suggestions of the Committee is that the Judges shall in such a case have power to order the trial to continue. In the case of Norwich a searching inquiry will probably be made, as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has moved for a Royal Commission. But it may easily happen that a petition trial is stopped before enough evidence is given to justify the appointment of a Royal Commission. Even when a Royal Commission is appointed the result may not be satisfactory. If corrupt practices are found to have widely prevailed, disfranchisement is the appropriate penalty. But although it is easy to disfranchise towns like Bridgwater and Beverley, it is very difficult to take away representation from a city like Norwich, the most important town and the largest centre of trade in the Eastern counties. The suspension of the writ for a term of years is the only alternative, and it is a poor one. If the term is a long one, it amounts to disfranchisement for those who are now the active generation of a place like Norwich; if the term is a short one, the petty rogues who have been accustomed to election tricks for years will not have had time enough to forget their arts. To work on the personal fears of these people, to detect and punish them, would be a much more effectual remedy; and if in any way it can be done, a very serious blot on the English representative system will be removed.

#### EFFICIENCY OF THE ARMY.

THE debate in the House of Lords on the army enabled both the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord CARDWELL to state their views as to its efficiency. They were followed by Earl GREY, whose pithy summary of the discussion could not easily be improved. He understood the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to say that, while we now get recruits of a good description, still, under the present system of short service, there is a larger proportion than could be desired of men serving in each regiment who are not fit for active service; that our regiments are weak, and that weak regiments are of little consequence if we have proper reserves to fall back upon; but that at the present moment these reserves are not in existence; they exist only in anticipation, and to meet a sudden exigency we have no reserves of any importance to rely upon for bringing up the army to what it ought to be in case of danger. Earl GREY adds, by way of comment of his own, that in the present condition of the world this is a state of things calculated to excite in our minds very grave apprehensions.

This summary and comment of Earl GREY's will, we believe, be almost universally accepted as a true and fair

account of our military position; but, as it is considerably disquieting, let us hear how Lord CARDWELL, the author of the existing system, endeavours to persuade us to be content with it. He begins by saying, in which everybody will agree, that if you wish to see full battalions, and will not have conscription, the Chancellor of the Exchequer must produce a fuller Estimate. "That," he says, "is a question which the responsible Minister of the Crown will have to consider every year according to the foreign relations of the country." This is Lord CARDWELL's view of the duty of the office which he lately held, and we contend that it is radically and dangerously wrong, and that, if he still holds it, he is unfit to be Secretary for War. His words amount to a declaration of adherence to the hand-to-mouth system of managing the army; and that system, which was always in the long run costly, has now become, in the view of all who are not blinded by official habit, perilous. The responsible Minister of the Crown in 1871 and following years should have looked forward a little, and he might have perceived, if he would have used the light of common sense, that in the changed condition of Europe old methods were inapplicable. Lord CARDWELL, however, would wait until the country is on the brink of war, and then come to Parliament in a hurry for a large sum of money to pay bounties on enlistment. He does not believe that "in time of peace" any Government would venture to bring forward largely increased Estimates; but in the sense in which he uses the word there is not, and perhaps in our time there never will be, peace in Europe. On the very night on which Lord CARDWELL used these words Lord DEBY had been saying that every one knew that great uneasiness existed a few weeks ago in respect of the relations of France and Germany. Every one knew this, and every one except Lord CARDWELL inferred that a military system suitable to a "time of peace" may be ruinous at a time which may be described as that of a word and a blow—the blow first and the word afterwards. Lord CARDWELL quoted from a pamphlet by Sir JOHN BURGOYNE which seems to describe something like the system which the speaker introduced and still endeavours to defend. The author of the pamphlet considered that by the organization sketched in it we ought to be able to produce an effective force, available for general service, of 100,000 men of all arms, and that this might be accomplished within a very few weeks of the outbreak of war. If Sir JOHN BURGOYNE had been told that the organization which he proposed could not be completed under several years, and had been asked what he would do in the meantime, we do not think he would have left the country where Lord CARDWELL left it. The apologists of the late Minister are always telling us that we must wait so many years before his plan can take effect; but they never explain what is to become of us in the interval. Besides, if we had an organization which would give us 100,000 effective men within a very few weeks of the outbreak of war, that would not suffice against an enemy who could be upon us in a week.

If Lord CARDWELL could not learn this lesson from the disasters of France, no enumeration of minor reforms effected by him in the army will prove his fitness for the post of War Minister. He points to the diminution of courts-martial, the increase of good-conduct pay, the improvement in education, and, although he admits that "what is called crime" exists in the army, yet he distinguishes it from "civil crime," which is in effect saying that it is a less heinous offence to rob the QUEEN than to rob a subject. This is a strange doctrine for an ex-Minister to preach, and we should have thought that the opposite doctrine, that desertion and making away with necessities is as bad as theft, strongly needed to be inculcated by authority. The references made by Lord CARDWELL to particular corps do not improve the picture of military efficiency which he tries to draw. It was commonly said, perhaps with some exaggeration, that the 42nd Regiment was made up for service in the Ashantee war by drawing from the 79th every efficient soldier it could spare. Lord CARDWELL says, in language which may be taken to be accurate, that the battalions going to Ashantee were filled up out of the men recruited for the linked battalions, and this comes to nearly the same thing. In a little war you may employ the 42nd and keep the 79th at home, but in a great war you would want both regiments at once, and you would find probably that they could between them make up only one



efficient regiment. Again, Lord CARDWELL referred to the Guards, and whether this corps recruited under the old system or under the new, it is certain that they recruited under the administration of Lord CARDWELL, and were found by his successor short of their full strength by several hundred men. Lord CARDWELL believes that the requisite supply of men has been obtained, but the Duke of RICHMOND knows, and told the House of Lords, that it has not. Lord CARDWELL further says that there are more soldiers in the country than there ever were in time of peace before; and, considering that he brought home troops which used to be stationed in the colonies, this is not surprising. But the question is whether, looking at the present condition of the Continent, the country contains troops enough. Lord CARDWELL and his colleagues do not seem to have been aware that any such question even called for consideration. Supposing that they had a plan which will give us a Reserve some few years hence, they ought to have provided an army in the meanwhile, and for that purpose to have asked, if necessary, for increased Estimates; and this they failed to do. The question raised as to the present existence of a Reserve is, to borrow Lord CARDWELL's words, "for ever set at rest" by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, who says that "the Reserve at present is much more on paper than in reality."

No reasonable doubt can exist that the army, as a whole, falls considerably short of that efficiency which is required by the circumstances of the time. But, as always happens, exaggerations have been superadded on a complaint which is substantially well founded, and those who try to defend the existing system refute the exaggerations, and then pretend that they have answered the complaint. We are now told that the quality of the recruits has been unfairly depreciated, and that the real deficiency is in the Reserve. The *Times* informs us that "this is the key of the whole question, and neither Lord CARDWELL nor his supporters have ever ignored it. On the contrary, it has been the essential point of his policy to provide, for the first time, by means of short service, a real Reserve." Yes, but unfortunately the Reserve is unreal. Lord CARDWELL brought forward his scheme in 1870. We are now in 1875, the state of Europe is critical, we have a small army composed largely of recruits, and we have no Reserve. This is where we have got by trusting to Lord CARDWELL, and we are told, or rather were lately told, to trust him longer. But even the *Times* now looks to Mr. HARDY to "accelerate the formation of our reserves," or, in other words, to get us out of the mess into which we have been brought by Lord CARDWELL. It is strange how utterly incapable that Minister and his colleagues seemed to be of appreciating any military question. Even now Lord CARDWELL appears to think that he did something considerable towards national security by directing a Bill to be framed and submitted to Parliament to strengthen the law as to the attendance of Reserve men at training; and he speaks of the Army Reserve of 7,000 men and the Militia Reserve of 30,000 men as if he still believed, after hearing the speech of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, that these elements constitute a present Reserve of sufficient force and numbers to rely upon. Yet the Militia Reserve is only part of the Militia, and it does not pretend to consist of fully trained soldiers. When the late Government adopted this plan of a Reserve, they ought at the same time to have increased the army, but that would have disarranged their Budgets. It was, as everybody now admits, a question of money, and in that light they refused to look at it. Some speakers and writers recommend pensions, others increased pay to the Reserve, others increased but deferred pay to the recruit, and all these suggestions come to the same thing. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, whom both Lord CARDWELL and the *Times* have accepted as the highest authority, says, "You must be prepared to pay" unless you prefer to have recourse to the ballot for the Militia. We take of course the whole of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF's speech together. He repeats in the House of Lords what he said at a dinner-table, that he is ready to take every man of the force at Aldershot with him, and go anywhere, expecting that force to do its duty as well as the British army has ever done in times past. At the same time he would very much prefer to see regiments entirely composed of old seasoned men; it would be better to have no recruits under twenty; but young men of eighteen or nineteen, if well fed and looked after, "will make very good soldiers." The real difficulty is the state of the labour market, and if the Reserve men have good em-

ployment, you might call on them in vain to join a regiment even for a week; so "you must be prepared to pay." We believe that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE said nearly the same thing at a dinner-table some months ago. Now everybody sees that he is right, and it only remains to clear away the rubbish of Lord CARDWELL's system and prepare the ground for a solid and enduring structure.

#### THE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE MEETING.

THE ladies who held a meeting a week ago to promote Mr. FORSYTH's Bill in a future Session probably thought that they proved a part of their case by showing that women can make speeches. Only a few practised orators can compete in fluency and facility with competitors who are at present excluded from the humbler function of voting at Parliamentary elections. In the immediate controversy the opponents of the proposed concession suffer a disadvantage in their natural unwillingness to use arguments which may seem discourteous or disagreeable. Most men, if they are capable of ordinary observation and reflection, know that women are deficient in nearly all the faculties or qualities which have a bearing on public affairs; but they shrink from expressing their conviction unnecessarily, especially as it is perfectly compatible with admiration, respect, and with all degrees of liking up to affection. It is almost as unpleasant in public as in private to define the limits within which a just appreciation of women is confined. If the Parliamentary as well as the municipal franchise were conceded to ratepayers without distinction of sex, it is possible that the results might be insignificant; and, if so, it is not desirable to perpetrate an anomaly without an equivalent practical advantage. The ladies who demand the franchise hold with perfect consistency an entirely opposite opinion. In their judgment there are certain grievances affecting their sex which can only be abated by their own intervention in political contests; and on some other questions they believe that their influence would be used in favour of the side which they generally prefer. Mr. DIXON stated at the meeting that women form about one-ninth of the municipal constituency of Birmingham. In counties the proportion would be considerably smaller; but if it applies to average towns, female voters would often be able, if they acted together, to decide borough contests. Their motives would perhaps be generally good, but they would habitually prefer extraneous issues to the principal questions on which parties are divided. The weakest and least honest candidates are always most ready to give pledges on matters to which they perhaps themselves attach only secondary importance. Compulsory temperance, abolition of securities against contagion, and other sentimental objects would give an effeminate character to the favourites of feminine voters.

Adroitness in suppressing indiscreet disclosures of policy is not one of the practical accomplishments in which women might be expected to be found wanting. All the speakers at the meeting, either through their own tact or in accordance with preliminary concert, confined their advocacy with almost ostentatious moderation to the immediate purpose of the Bill which they professedly supported. For the same reasons they had previously selected a representative who happened to disapprove of the logical and necessary consequences of the measure which he proposed. Mr. FORSYTH is the thin edge of the wedge, which for this purpose may be easily constructed in several pieces. When he has effected an entrance into the Constitution he may be conveniently withdrawn, while the little rift is slowly widened by a mechanical substitute of larger dimensions. Mrs. FAWCETT, in a speech which did credit to her abilities, endeavoured to convince sceptical opponents that married women would be finally contented with a recognition of the rights of maids and widows. It would be unjust as well as disrespectful to doubt her sincerity; but in abandoning the claims of the class to which she herself belongs, she virtually admitted the irrational character of the whole agitation. If it is in accordance with natural right that women should vote for members of Parliament, the wholesale disfranchisement of the most experienced, and on the whole, the most intelligent women, seems to be absolutely indefensible. Conversely it may be shown that where married women fear to tread, it is unwise to open the door to a rush of female ratepayers. Mr. FORSYTH will do his utmost to shut it again when his

special clients have been admitted; but he will find that they will in their character of constituents proceed to repay the debt which they owe to Mrs. FAWCETT and her married coadjutors. Some of the speakers pledged themselves to discontinue the agitation when their immediate purpose was accomplished. They only wished, as they declared, that women should share equally with men the privileges of the present electoral law. Whether they would hereafter aid in altering the law was a question irrelevant to the occasion.

It is only on a platform that the proposed distinction between married and unmarried women could be gravely defended. The test which is supposed to prove the competency of men to share in elections is utterly inapplicable to women. It has been assumed in modern legislation that ratepayers in boroughs and a more limited section of occupiers in counties are comparatively fit to exercise the franchise. It is true that a householder is probably more responsible than a young man hanging loose on the world, but it is absurd to place a married woman in an inferior position because she can only by a rare accident be a ratepayer. If the fitness of women to exercise the franchise were once recognized by law, the argument against the condition of paying rates would be absolutely irresistible. It would be an injustice to the ladies who promote the movement to suspect that they are incapable of drawing a simple inference. It is only in a larger sense that the logical faculties of women may be described as incomplete. They are acute in discerning consequences which happen to suit their purpose, though they sometimes forget that what is obvious to themselves is probably also visible to their opponents; and the reasons against their own conclusions are as completely out of their range of vision as the other side of the moon. It might perhaps be plausibly argued that married women are represented by their husbands; but the champions of the rights of women always assert that the sufferers from unjust legislation can only secure redress by their own personal share in returning members of Parliament. The grievances which are supposed to affect the weaker sex consist mainly in the supposed preference given by law to husbands over wives. If there were a demand for legislation in favour of the wives, it would evidently be impossible to rely on the active sympathy of their oppressors. Unmarried women and widows who pay rates have some compensation for their disadvantages in their independence. According to the philanthropists, the chief sufferers by unjust laws are married women, who are nevertheless supposed by the speakers at the meeting to be willing permanently to submit to exclusion. As they would be the most competent voters, and as they are also said to be victims of misgovernment, Mr. FORSYTH and his allies of the moment ought to assert their claims in preference to those which are urged in favour of mere ratepayers. It follows that, if the demands of the agitators are conceded, and followed by their necessary consequences, more than half of the constituency will consist of women.

Miss BECKER must have caused some surprise when she cited Sir ROBERT PEEL as an authority for the enfranchisement of women. As it must have been notorious to the audience that he expressed no opinion of the kind, a masculine controversialist might perhaps have shrunk from a quotation of his language. In opposing an extension of the suffrage, Sir ROBERT PEEL appears to have used as a *reductio ad absurdum* the argument that, on the grounds alleged by the promoters of the measure, it would be difficult to justify the exclusion of women. In other words, he took it for granted that the universal objection to the interference of women in politics was well founded, and he contended, with more or less show of reason, that the same disqualification extended to certain classes of men. Miss BECKER's application of his words was highly characteristic of feminine controversy; but it is true that some of the reasons for excluding women from political influence may also be urged against other measures for the indiscriminate extension of the suffrage. It is not expedient to make the franchise worthless, or to act on the assumption that it is an inherent right. It may perhaps have been unavoidable to concede the right of voting to the negroes in the Southern States of America, because the possession of the suffrage had become associated in national opinion with the enjoyment of civic freedom. The result of the experiment has not been encouraging; and no such argument for promiscuous suffrage applies to England. It is also inexpedient to dissociate constitutional rights from political power. What-

ever disturbing influence might be exercised by a feminine majority of voters, men will never submit in the long run to be governed by women. It would be inexpedient to create a fictitious preponderance or equilibrium between sexes which must always live in a relation of reciprocal superiority and subordination. Mr. FORSYTH's Bill cannot possibly be final, and the necessary supplement of legislation would lead to the absurdest consequences.

#### THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES BILL.

IT is not likely that anything would have come of Colonel BARTELOT's opposition to the order for going into Committee on the Friendly Societies Bill even if the amendment moved by him had been more moderate in its aims. As it was, the debate was a mere demonstration, intended perhaps to dispose the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to make compromises in Committee, but never in the least promising to influence the fate of the Bill. Colonel BARTELOT's view of the question embodies a perfectly natural reaction against the half-and-half legislation which is so convenient on a question of this kind. He sees that a large proportion of the savings of the poor are committed to the keeping of Friendly Societies, and that, as regards many of them, the first chance passer-by would have made a safer trustee. There is no need to impute dishonesty to the managers of these associations, at least not in the first instance; the insecurity is sufficiently explained by the fact that they are totally ignorant of their business. The management of a great Friendly Society is, in some respects, more difficult than the management of a Life Assurance Company. The former insures against loss of health as well as against loss of life, and tables of sickness are more troublesome to construct than tables of mortality. But the staff of actuaries and trained secretaries which is at the command of an Insurance Office has of course no counterpart in the great majority of Friendly Societies. They undertake to make certain payments hereafter, in consideration of receiving certain payments from week to week, and their ability to keep their word depends, among other things, on the accuracy and trustworthiness of the calculations on which their promise rests. Yet these calculations are quite unchecked, and the members of the Societies which adopt them have no means of knowing whether the sums they are asked to pay are or are not sufficient to give them a reasonable certainty of obtaining the benefits for which they subscribe.

The Government Bill, as originally framed, did nothing to remedy this defect. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE stopped short of the proposed legislation of last year, and did not, as then, make provision even for the construction of Government tables for the information, though not necessarily for the adoption, of Friendly Societies. Colonel BARTELOT saw that a measure of this limited scope would leave the law little, if at all, better than it is now, and from this he went at once to the conclusion that no unregistered Friendly Society should be suffered to exist, and that every registered Society should be compelled to adopt a properly calculated scale of contributions.

A very urgent case ought to be made out before adopting so stringent a provision as this, and though Colonel BARTELOT had no difficulty in proving that the Government Bill was worthless, he failed to show that a milder reform than his own would not answer every purpose. The special evil with which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has to deal, but does not deal, is not the frequent insolvency of Friendly Societies, but their insolvency under what looks like special State patronage. Registration as it is at present carried on, and as, under Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's Bill, it will continue to be carried on, is supposed to imply some guarantee of soundness. A registered Society is naturally regarded by its members as superior in some unknown respect to a non-registered Society, and as the really important superiority in a case of this sort is superiority as regards solvency, this is assumed to be the form which it takes. As a matter of fact, registration implies nothing of the kind. It only certifies that certain trifling provisions as to deposit of rules and the like have been complied with. The Registrar at the moment that he is issuing his certificate may have the tables of the Society before him, and may feel sure that so long as contributions are paid and benefits promised on that basis,



insolvency must be only a question of time. But his knowledge must be kept to himself. It is no part of his business to impart it to those whom it so vitally concerns. Colonel BARTELOT's amendment would have entirely removed this defect, but it would have removed it by legislation of an exceedingly paternal kind. Instead of providing that the Government stamp should not be affixed to any Society which did not comply with certain approved regulations as to composition of tables, audit of accounts, and valuation of assets, and leaving foolish people who prefer subscribing to a Society which lacks that guarantee to do so if they liked, he proposed to make the existence of any Society lacking that guarantee positively illegal. Under a system of compulsory registration, it would, we suppose, be a punishable offence for any unregistered Friendly Society to receive subscriptions. This would give, or rather would endeavour to give, an amount of security to careless investors which in the end might do more harm than good. All that seems to be really wanted is the creation of an intelligible distinction between Societies as to which the State certifies something important, and Societies as to which it certifies nothing. If it is thought that there ought to be a third class of Societies as to which the State should certify something that is not important no objection need be taken, except on the ground that it is likely to create useless confusion. Friendly Societies would then be divided, as regards the Government, into three classes—unregistered Societies about which the Government is silent, registered Societies about which the Government says that certain technical forms have been complied with, and certificated Societies about which the Government says that they possess this or that special element of soundness. Nothing short of this provision will put the law of Friendly Societies into a proper condition; but, if this had been incorporated into the Government Bill, the objects which Colonel BARTELOT proposed to himself would have been sufficiently attained.

When the Bill got into Committee, several unsuccessful efforts were made to make it a little more effective. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE accepted an amendment from Mr. HOLMES making it the duty of the Registrar to construct tables of death, sickness, old age, or any other contingency forming the subject of legal assurance by a Friendly Society which may appear to be calculable. The effect of this will be that, if any member of a Friendly Society is competent to study the tables of Insurance issued by the Government, and finds on comparing them with the tables used by his Society that he is paying a smaller sum than he ought to pay if he wishes to be secure of the benefits promised in return, he may persuade the Society to alter its terms, or may secede from it altogether, leaving the money he has previously paid to go for nothing. How many members of Societies recruited for the most part from very poor and ignorant persons are likely to show a degree of intelligence and caution which is so strikingly wanting in the members of Insurance Companies recruited from intelligent and well-to-do persons, remains to be seen. We believe that this amendment will only be valuable in so far as it enables the officers of Friendly Societies which are genuinely anxious to put their affairs on a proper footing to ascertain, by comparison with the Government tables, how far their own are defective. Two more important but less successful amendments related to the audit of accounts and the valuation of assets. The Bill provides that every registered Society shall have its accounts periodically audited and its assets periodically valued either by public auditors and valuers, or by auditors and valuers appointed by the Societies themselves. As regard Societies whose managers desire to know exactly how their affairs stand, and who have no end to gain in keeping their knowledge secret from the members, this provision may answer very well. The only objection to it is that the prescribed audits and valuations would have been equally secured without such provision. But as regards Societies whose managers suspect or know that there is something wrong in their accounts, this provision is simply unmeaning. Managers of this class may either be consciously robbing the members, or be hopeful of some day getting their affairs into better order if they can succeed in keeping the present condition of the Society from becoming known. Either way, they will be anxious that neither the accounts nor the assets of the Society shall be submitted to independent criticism; and either way, as the Bill stands, they will be able to secure that the criticism to which these accounts

and assets are submitted shall be such as they can trust to disclose nothing that they wish to keep concealed. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE resisted all attempts to alter the Bill in either of these respects, and by so doing decided to leave the law in reference to Friendly Societies substantially unimproved.

#### PEACEFUL COERCION.

IT is impossible to say how far any considerable number of the working-classes really admire and sympathize with the cabinet-makers who have just undergone a month's imprisonment for endeavouring by malicious molestation to deprive other workmen of the right of freely choosing their own employment; but it would seem to be scarcely credible that they should be violently in love with the privilege of being intimidated and coerced by persons of their own class. However, there is never any difficulty in getting up a demonstration about anything in London, and the Trade-Unionist leaders are adepts in the sort of stage-management required on such occasions. The moral of the demonstration is, at least, plain enough. Any working-man who is ambitious of distinction, who would like to be made much of as a hero and martyr, to shake hands with Professor BEESLY, to be paraded round the town on the top of a coach, to have his health proposed, and speeches made, and banners waved, in his honour, and to be presented with "purses of money," &c., will now know how to set about gratifying his aspirations, and it is not improbable that at this easy rate there will be a good crop of heroes and martyrs. A year or two since, the gas-stokers who suddenly left work without notice had no scruples about plunging London into darkness, and exposing a vast number of innocent people with whom they had no quarrel whatever to a large amount of annoyance and even considerable danger, and all for the selfish purpose of compelling their employers to give them an advance of wages; and the same persons who are now glorifying the cabinet-makers were formerly equally overflowing with admiration for the gallant and patriotic conduct of the stokers who sneaked off from their work, and who also had a fête when they came out of gaol. It is no doubt true that the cabinet-makers did their picketing as gently as such things can be done; indeed it would appear to have been a distinct object with them to try to effect their purpose on the safe side of the law; that is to say, they had no relish for imprisonment if it could be avoided. This is made a great point of by Professor BEESLY and others. See, they say, what peaceful men they were, how anxious to obey the law; only unfortunately they tripped by mistake. The intention of the pickets, however, must not be overlooked; and it is perfectly obvious that their design was to violate at least the spirit of the law, and to coerce their fellows, without, if possible, incurring the penalties of misconduct. Seeing that their moderation was due not to respect for the law, but only to tenderness for themselves, this does not strike one as a particularly heroic state of mind. It may be remembered that Mr. BROADHEAD of Sheffield, when examined, expressed strong disapproval of the use, except in case of absolute necessity, of air-guns and explosive canisters, and stated that he would have much preferred to enforce his authority by less troublesome methods. The truth is that picketing is, in spirit and intention, essentially the same in all its forms. It has no other object than to worry and intimidate workmen and employers into submission to the dictates of the Trade-Unions; and if this is done in a persistent and organized way, it is a form of persecution which ought not to be tolerated.

The question at issue has been surrounded by so much special pleading and misrepresentation that it is worth while to go over it again, even at the risk of tiresome repetition. Professor BEESLY contends that the kind of "coercion which is supposed to operate in a moral way, and is distinct from all physical force, particularly that "form of it"—that is, of moral coercion—"known as picketing, should, when done in a peaceful manner, be regarded "as legal." It is evident, however, that there are other ways of very effectually coercing a man besides throttling or beating him, and that the point of the offence lies in the deliberate persistence and concert with which it is committed, and also in the fact that the offenders are going out of their way expressly to meddle with other people, and to prevent them from indulging their natural inclinations. In one sense it may no doubt be said that there

is coercion in Unionists refusing to work in company with Non-unionists, or for any employer who will not agree to the rules of the Union; but then the effect of this on other persons is only an incidental result of every man's right to decide for himself the terms on which he is willing to work. The mischief begins when the Unionists, not content with their own freedom, insist upon everybody else doing just the same, whether they like it or not. Among other classes of the community, when any one is dissatisfied with his employment he tries to get one more to his taste, or sets up for himself; or perhaps he merely threatens to do this, and so gets better terms from his employer. Nobody ever hears of clerks or shopmen walking up and down in front of the place of business which they have quitted in order to annoy and molest their former employer and his present assistants; and there is no reason in the world why a particular class of working-men should be allowed to do so. Professor BEESLY holds that the cabinet-makers did not use any threats, "except those which were perfectly legitimate"; but of course this is merely begging the question as to what is a legitimate threat. In this instance the threat, it seems to us, would not have been an offence if it had not been accompanied by what amounted to personal molestation—that is, the pickets hanging about day by day for weeks together, and watching, and sometimes speaking to, the workmen. The Professor also complained that "picketing was unlawful only when it was successful, for, as long as the employers found that they had enough men to do their work, they never troubled themselves to prosecute"; but to other people it would seem that the effect of the picketing on the persons who are intended to be influenced by it is a very natural test of the degree of coercion. When picketing hurts nobody there is no reason to cry out about it; but if, under the pressure of picketing, men are seen to give up their personal inclinations, and to withdraw from work which they would be glad to have, it would appear to indicate that the annoyance is of a very real kind. The truth is that peaceful coercion, in the sense in which Professor BEESLY uses it, is quite as absurd as Prince BISMARCK's benevolent neutrality.

There is another point which ought not to be overlooked, and that is the difference which the concerted action of numbers makes in the degree of annoyance which is caused by what, as happening casually between one person and another, might be treated with comparative indifference. In the latter case, one man may be supposed to be a match for another man, and to be able to take care of himself. But when there is a deliberate agreement among a number of men to take it in turns for a length of time to keep watch upon and annoy any one, not as meeting him casually in the course of their ordinary movements, but from a settled purpose expressly directed to influence his mind, and make him do something which he does not want to do, the persecution clearly assumes a much more formidable aspect. If legitimate persuasion is all that is aimed at, there are plenty of ways in which the men at work may be reached without constant personal attendance at the doors of the shop. When it is said that the object of the law against picketing and other forms of malicious molestation is to destroy the power of the working classes, the answer is that it is simply an attempt to protect the community at large from the aggressions of a particular class of working-men, who are not content with their own freedom, but think they are entitled, by fair means or foul, to make all the world go their way. It is characteristic of the spirit of the agitation against the Act that it is apparently also directed to the suppression both of judges and jurymen, if we interpret rightly the complaint of one of the petitions that "poor men" are "sent to prison just as the ignorance or the prejudice of those who try such cases may determine."

#### PLEASURE AND EDUCATION.

WE have lately examined some of the educational contrivances by which the path of knowledge is smoothed for the rising generation. A box which suggests to the uninitiated the implements of croquet or lawn-tennis turns out to contain a set of quaint wooden instruments. One resembles the skeleton of a decayed chest, whilst others have the forms of dice, chess-boards, or rectangular rods, made of wood and painted black and white. Armed with these implements, the teacher of the present day reaches the understanding of the learner through the eye, instead of confining himself to the ears or the back of the unfortunate patient. We

need not speak of the details of the method of which these objects are the visible symbols. The success which it has attained in Germany sufficiently authorizes its extension to British infants, and we sincerely hope that our children may pass through the mysteries of multiplication, division, and the dreaded "rule of three" at the cost of less suffering than ourselves. The main principles upon which the plan is founded are simple and sensible enough. The first is that children should learn to realize the meaning of arithmetic by concrete symbols. They should not only know, but see, that two and two make four. The number nine should not only be thought of as produced by the addition of a unit to eight, but should spontaneously call up a vision of nine spots arranged in various diagrams which show its identity with sets of five and four spots, or with three sets of three spots. The mere blank conception is thus translated into a sensible reality, and is much more easily dealt with by the childish understanding. And, secondly, the child is to be made to understand the more difficult rules of arithmetic by a process resembling that which must have led to their first discovery. Instead of having a magical formula stamped upon his memory, the application of which will, for some mysterious reason, bring out the desired result, his infant powers are to be gradually stimulated until the rule presents itself to him as the summary and complete expression of his crude anticipations. The old method was the reverse of this. It gave the logical instead of the natural order. The abstract conceptions which had been slowly reached by the mature intellect were impressed upon the childish mind, and the rules founded upon them explained in the most abstract language. Instead of developing the principles latent in the childish mind, a complete and ready-made system was forcibly thrust in, and frequently remained as a mere set of rules obstinately refusing to assimilate with previous acquisitions. The same principles of course apply in all other cases. Children have generally been taught abstract grammatical rules before knowing the language to which they apply, and study maps of the world instead of working outwards from the base supplied by the actual neighbourhood already familiar to their imaginations.

Various questions, metaphysical, psychological, and practical, are suggested by the new methods. Messrs. Sonnenschein and Nesbitt, who have written some useful school-books in which they are applied, lay down a principle in their preface which seems rather inconsistent with their practice. Arithmetic, they say, gives the best training of the reasoning powers because the student can test his *a priori* conclusions by the light of experience, without apparatus of any kind. He must have premisses supplied in other studies, but his mathematical knowledge can be evolved from his inner consciousness. This seems to be a rather awkward principle from which to deduce the conclusion that a vivid realization through the senses of the first truths of the science is the best mode of approaching its difficulties. What is the use of all these cubes and staves and pictorial diagrams if the learner is to be evolving everything from his inner consciousness? The method seems rather to suggest that mathematical study, like all others, has really its base in outward fact; and that, whether its truths be or be not regarded as differing in kind from all others when once attained, they must, like all others, be attained both by the race and the individual through the medium of sensible experience. But, not to diverge into these endless discussions, the method involves a practical doctrine which is more likely to be definitively established. Ought learning, we may ask, to be made as pleasant as possible? If we could carry out the principle accepted in the "Kindergarten" system, and enable children to turn all study into play, would they be the better for it? There are, indeed, obvious limits to the process in the nature of things. A child may be enticed into school by the delusive notion that he is only learning a new kind of game. Arithmetic may be insinuated into him under the cloak of a pleasant puzzle as the proverbial powder is covered with the jam. We have known cases in later life where a youth of neglected education has managed to learn arithmetic by the help of a betting-book, and a lively interest in gambling has supplied the place of the blandishments of the schoolmaster. Horses, or billiard balls, or certain cubes of ivory, have served as concrete symbols instead of black and white cubes of wood. This process of learning would not, we presume, be approved by any enthusiast. And, leaving out of the question its accidental disadvantages, it is liable to the objection that it does not really awaken the intellectual faculties. If learning is acquired because the process is pleasant or exciting, that kind of learning which can offer no immediate pleasure or excitement will be rather less attractive than before. Now in every conceivable branch of study, and after every possible inducement has been exhausted, there must remain a great mass of pure wearisome drudgery. The historical inquirer must read through countless volumes by the Dryasdusts before he can paint any vivid picture upon his mental retina. The scientific investigator has to accumulate facts patiently for months or years before he comes upon the experiment which is really productive of new light, and at least ninety-nine-hundredths of his labour must be wasted so far as any new discovery is concerned. In active life the case is, if anything, stronger. Every lawyer or doctor has to plod through incalculable masses of dreary detail without the stimulant of intellectual interest. The great bulk of mankind, indeed, have to get their living by the discharge of purely mechanical functions, which, if they possess any serious interest whatever, are interesting only to a few minds of exceptional keenness. If dull drudgery is to be the lot of all men during the greater part of their lives, and of



most men during the whole of their lives, ought we not to be broken into it early? If we are to be millhorses, plodding our monotonous rounds for many hours of every day, should we be early trained to believe that duty merely means disporting ourselves according to our pleasure? Life, says some great though anonymous philosopher, is not all beer and skittles. Our new teachers apparently seek to prove that arithmetic may fairly be regarded as a branch of skittle-playing. With all their efforts they will not succeed in hoodwinking us. The old birch-rod was a brutal instrument and brutally wielded. It is impossible to think without a desire for retributive vengeance of the youthful spirits that have been crushed, and the childhoods that have been made one long scene of torture, by the pedants of a happily extinct school. But, after all, though one may disarm the pedagogue of his rod, we cannot get rid of the whip in our daily lives. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune are not likely to grow obsolete. We are kept to our desks and our benches by no slavedriver's scourge, but by harsh necessities which are perfectly well able to take its place. We have all got to be grubs in our old age—reversing the series of the lower animals; why persuade us that we may always be butterflies?

The answer to this argument, however, seems to be easy enough. If hard, dull labour must come upon us, it must come; but that is no reason for introducing it prematurely. It does not follow that we shall work more cheerfully because we have been forced from our infancy to realize the unpleasantness of work. We must look into the question more closely and see what is the real nature of the process. A child must be induced to learn either by fear or curiosity. We may awaken its intellect or we may make it feel the dangers of idleness. The great obstacle to education is the simple dislike to all intellectual activity. An average youth positively resents any attempt to make him exert his intellects. If he is forced by some external consideration to learn some new lesson, and has his choice whether he will learn a rule by rote or have its reason explained to him, he will unhesitatingly choose the mechanical method. Many lads would far rather learn Euclid by heart than submit to the disagreeable process of understanding the logical connexion of ideas. They resent explanation as an injury. They will be forced to think, and thinking is the one thing to which they have an ineradicable aversion. The old method is impotent to overcome this blind resistance. You can force a set of boys to acquire a certain quantity of dead rules, but no power on earth can force them to use their minds. A lad taught against his will is in the same state of education still. He knows a few more facts; he is aware that by going through a certain mechanical process a certain result will be attained; but he is no more capable of using his powers to meet any new combination of facts than if he had been taught to turn the handle of a calculating machine. To stimulate the rudimentary intellectual interest is therefore the first requirement; and the only way of doing it is to enable the child to discover by experiment that there is really some pleasure in intellectual exercises. Any child who is not an idiot has a small share of curiosity and a glimmering of delight in some mental processes. By developing this rudimentary faculty the spark may be fanned into flame, when it would be utterly choked by pouring in streams of knowledge which he is not yet able to assimilate. So much would, indeed, be admitted by everybody; and the only question is whether there is a danger of carrying the method to excess. If there be any danger, we can only say that at present it is too far off to be worth taking into account. There is no risk that knowledge or thought can ever be too easy. A child may be taught to take an intelligent interest in the explanation of arithmetical rules if they are skillfully presented to him. If he has, like some children, a special aptitude for arithmetic, the constant practice of the art may be a source of pleasure to him. But to the great bulk of human beings the process of working-out "sums" enough to master the art must always involve a good deal of labour. The only question is, whether the labour will appear to him to be imposed as a task by some blind "categorical imperative," or whether he will have an intelligent appreciation of its advantages. The more he learns the more drudgery he will have to undergo; but there is no reason why the drudgery should strike him as a mere senseless performance on a mental treadmill instead of a process dictated by reasonable motives.

In fact, it seems to us that the most unnecessary of all fears is the fear that people will ever find intellectual labour too agreeable. Climbing a mountain must always be hard work, if you climb far enough and fast enough; and the heights to be ascended by aspirants to knowledge are infinite. There is no fear of their getting to the top without trying their muscle; and certainly there is no need of putting an additional weight on their backs to make the labour sufficiently trying. Give every possible inducement; allow them to advance by the most zigzag paths and by the pleasantest approaches; and they will still find that lungs and legs have to be strained before they have reached a moderate elevation. It is quite needless to make them take the steepest paths, to force all the terrors of the ascent before their eyes, and to drive them upwards by the lash instead of appealing to their interest in the view. The necessity for drudgery comes upon everybody soon enough, and presents a sufficiently ugly aspect to all imaginations. When we have done all we can to show how it may be made into a source of pleasure, it will still be only a question between going through it intelligently or stupidly. A clerk who has to be adding up figures all day in a bank will do it better and

more quickly if he has been well taught; and he will have learnt all the better if his curiosity has been brought into alliance with his sense of duty. The labour will be less repulsive if he understands what he is doing; and we do not imagine that there is any great danger that, because arithmetic was made pleasant as part of his school-work, it will be more disgusting when practised for his daily bread. Such a theory is too refined to be often applicable; and the plain practical advantages on the other side are overwhelming. Any one who remembers the terror with which he once regarded those hideous fetiches, the Rule of Three and Practice, will look doubtfully at any pretext for allowing them to haunt the imaginations of his children.

#### NEW NEW COLLEGE.

IT is comforting to have to record a return to common sense and English feeling in any matter of building, and especially to have to record such a return in the University of Oxford. For a whole generation its colleges and other buildings have been the sport of every wild vagary which could come into the eyes of men who seemed to lay down one eternal rule for architectural designs—namely, that no English model was to be followed. For twenty, almost for thirty, years past, the buildings of Oxford have been the sport of every wild and wayward fancy. In each of the new forms into which so many ancient colleges have been transformed, in each of the many wholly new buildings which have sprung up side by side with them, among every variety of style and shape and date, that one law has ever been inflexible. Anything else might be built; any other style might be chosen; the buildings of any other country might be copied, or the architect might draw wholly on the resources of his own brain, but the one rule never might be swerved from. Nothing might be built which an Englishman of the best days of English art could have recognized as the work of his own nation; nothing might be built which could ever be in keeping with any ancient building within the four seas of Britain; above all, nothing might be built which could be in keeping with any of the ancient buildings of Oxford itself. For all these years the architects of every new college or other great building would seem to have racked their brains to devise each one something more queer, more unmeaning, more un-English, more utterly unsuited to its place, than the building of the architect last before him. Things went on through the several stages of New Merton, New Christ Church, New Balliol, till they reached the crowning hideousness of Keble. We say the crowning hideousness advisedly, not forgetting the claims of the Christ Church meat-safe to be a dangerous rival of Keble itself. But the meat-safe, if ugly, can hardly be called pretentious. It honestly flaunts its ugliness in the eyes of men, and does not strive to disguise it with any pretence of beauty or ornament. A famous chapter has been written on its architectural merits, after the pattern of a more famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. But perhaps the answer might have been made in either case that Iceland did not pretend to have any snakes, and that the meat-safe did not pretend to have any architectural merits. But Keble College clearly pretends to have architectural merits. With no other object than that of providing architectural merits could any man have devised so many eccentricities of form and colour, so many queer shapes for the building itself, so many queer hues for the bricks out of which the building is put together. The architect of Keble College has at least compassed one object; no man can show any one brick as a fair sample of the whole house. Another rival might perhaps be found in the two strange buildings designed for some astronomical purpose which have lately sprung up in the middle of the parks. No one can believe that the noble science of astronomy can really call for hideousness in buildings devoted to it; we cannot believe that the contemplation of the vault of heaven, of the starry cupola which Anthemius strove to represent on earth, can of itself have led to the devising of such cupolas as form the last contribution to scientific research at Oxford. Their outlines rather suggest a corrupt following—a very corrupt following indeed—of some of the works of the Mogul Emperors in India. But, on the principle that "corruptio optimi est pessima," we may set down a corrupt following of buildings in England or Italy as something worse than a corrupt following of anything in India. And Keble College, with all its queerness, does faintly remind us of Italy in its bricks and of England in its windows. The Keble windows are windows; they have mullions; it is possible to put glass into them. So far we might perhaps look at them as the first steps in a return to better things. But again, "corruptio optimi est pessima"; Keble College comes just near enough to English models to make English models ridiculous; we have spoken of its crowning hideousness, and we cannot unsay the words.

At last the tide has turned. There is a proverb which says that, when the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses is at hand. Surely the building of Keble must have involved the doubling or the quadrupling of any tale of bricks that can have been laid on any of the brick-fields of Britain since the building of the walls of Colchester. And now a Moses has come to lead back Oxford architecture into the land of common sense, into the land of England itself. If he could only pull down as well as build up, he might lead us back a whole generation; he might lead us back to the days before New Merton and New Christ Church, to the less aspiring, but more rational, times which produced the front of Jesus College and

the Grammar School of Magdalen. And the deliverer has come from a most appropriate quarter. The first fruits of the new English renaissance are to be seen in the college which was the first to arise as a great building designed according to a regular plan. It is the work of the man who, among the chief living architects, was the last to go over to the foreign camp, and who has been the first to come back to the old paths. It is not unfitting that the first building in Oxford for so many years which seems to have any part or lot with the ancient buildings among which it finds itself should be an addition made by Sir Gilbert Scott to the college of William of Wykeham.

The architect and the college are alike to be congratulated on this return to common sense. They have raised a building—or rather an instalment of a future larger building—which the founder himself might have understood, and of which he need not have been ashamed. We have heard it well remarked that here at last is a building in Oxford of which there is no need to ask, What style is this? What part of the world is that copied from? So it is. We wander through New Merton, New Christ Church, New Balliol, the New Museum, and all the other new things, and each is in a foreign language. This calls itself “Rhenish;” that “Venetian.” New New College does not call itself anything; good wine needs no bush; it is plain English, and nothing else. To turn to it from any of the others is like turning from the letter of a Special Correspondent to a writing in the natural English tongue. Of course people cry out at a piece of plain English in building, just as they cry out at a piece of plain English in writing. Write a piece of English of which every Englishman can understand every word, and the admirers of the Telegraphic style, and the professors of the Art of Paraphrasing will call it bald and meagre and vulgar. So, when Sir Gilbert Scott builds a building in which every Englishman, above all every Oxford man, must feel himself at home, people cry out, in more philosophic phrase, that it lacks “unity of design.” It might be enough to answer that the unity of design will most likely come out more clearly when the whole building is finished; or it might be enough to answer that it has at least more unity of design than the queer things stuck about with gimeracks here and gimeracks there, with which one has to compare it. Or for a plain man it might be enough to say that the building looks exceedingly well, and that, if it is lacking in unity of design, unity of design cannot greatly matter. Lovers of English art will rejoice to see English art spring up again, without greatly caring how it looks from the point of view of the Objective or the Unconditioned.

What is already built is a single block of buildings in Holywell. To an eye used to mediæval buildings it looks too lofty; but this is one of the points on which we must not servilely copy ancient models, but rather adapt ancient principles to our own needs. We need loftier buildings than our forefathers needed, and we must have them. And if, as is hoped, the houses on the other side of the narrow street may shortly be pulled down, then the new building will be seen from points of view where its height will no longer seem excessive. Within the college itself it hardly seems so now. And here the improvement which has been wrought is wonderful. The city wall, it must be remembered, comes within the precincts of New College. The chapel, the hall, all the other older buildings of the college, stand within the wall; the bell-tower stands without. A comparison of this bell-tower with that of Magdalen shows how well the ancient builders knew how to adapt each building to its own place. A superficial observer may be tempted to call the tower of New College plain, and even ugly, in contrast to the highly finished, though not very highly enriched, tower of Magdalen. The difference is in their positions. Magdalen tower stands wholly within the college, and is purely ecclesiastical. New College tower is close to the wall, outside the wall; it might, on occasion, have been turned to purposes of defence. Ecclesiastical in its primary object, it still fittingly puts on something of the hardness and sternness of military architecture. This tower, with a neighbouring bastion and a large part of the wall, can now be seen, which before they could not, and a noble group they make. One thing only we regret. To connect the new part of the college beyond the wall with the chapel and other buildings, a doorway through the wall was needed. In such a position it should, we hold, have been perfectly plain; unluckily it is made with shafts and deep mouldings; it is a doorway fit for a hall or a chapel, not for an opening in the wall of a fortress. Otherwise the opening of these hitherto concealed portions of old Oxford, and the grouping of the old and the new buildings, is by far the greatest architectural work which has been done in the University for many a long day.

The opening of the tower of New College and of the adjoining city wall suggests another piece of Oxford antiquity of far earlier date which has been lately brought to light. The tower of St. Michael's Church, which stood, like that of New College, so as almost to form part of the town wall, is an undoubted specimen of Primitive Romanesque. But, like many other specimens of Primitive Romanesque, it might very well be later than the coming of William, and it has been thought of late to be one of the works of the elder Robert of Oily, who, after his English wife had taught him to mend his ways, was an undoubted builder of churches in Oxford. This tower, in short, has been thought to belong to the same class as the famous towers of Coleswegen in the lower town of Lincoln. But now some of the lower windows are brought to light, divided, not by mere midwall shafts, but by actual balusters, like those of

Jarrow, or Earls Barton, or St. Benet's at Cambridge. It is not safe to dogmatize on such a point, but they certainly suggest the thought that the tower may be of earlier date than Robert of Oily. But nothing in Oxford is likely to be much older than Edward the Elder; and, paradox as it may seem to some, the gap between Edward the Elder and William the Conqueror is much smaller than the gap between Benedict Biscop and Edward the Elder.

#### A LITTLE DINNER IN THE COUNTRY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, in his capacity of Chairman of the new Star and Garter Company, signs himself “Amphitryon,” has raised a question which has just now a special interest. There is a sentimental charm in the idea of a little dinner in the country which appeals especially to people who, by the inexorable laws of fashion, are tied to town when the country is at its best. It touches those poetical instincts which, in however rudimentary a form, exist even in the most vulgar and trivial natures, and promises at least a momentary respite from the heat and bustle of gregarious existence. The dullest mind is tempted to picture a snug, secluded hostelry, embowered in trees that shade a pleasant lawn, where dessert and a cigar may be taken after dinner. Instead of the stereotyped Thomas in a dirty-white tie, there is a neat-handed Phyllis to wait at table, and the dishes, though simple, are pure and well cooked. The ideal is a pretty one, but alas for the reality! If such a place is to be found anywhere, it is certainly not within the range of London. At every favourite spot the quiet little inn has grown into a bloated hotel, with the regulation coffee-room, and the irrepressible waiter, and the only trait of primitive innocence is the list of wines at the prices of fifty years back. Wherever the railways go a vast multitude of course follows; and arrangements have to be made to suit the altered character of the company. This is really the secret of the decline of the pleasant country quarters which were still to be discovered here and there a dozen or fifteen years ago. Nothing, for example, could be more enjoyable than a visit to Burford Bridge in the days when it could be reached only by road. The quaint old inn, with its picturesque garden sloping up Box Hill, was as quiet as a private house, and its general appointments were in keeping with the class which chiefly frequented it. Then came the railways to Dorking and West Humble, and the whole charm of the spot was quickly destroyed. It can hardly be said that the changes which have taken place are the fault of the innkeepers. They are bound, of course, to keep their houses open to all and sundry; and, in the natural course of things, it is the majority who settle the character of the accommodation. Mr. Gladstone not long since laid down the proposition that the proper rule of modern enterprise was to aim at the masses of the population, and leave other people to shift for themselves; but for the present the Railway Company to whom he offered this advice has only taken half of it, and the absolute dead-level of third class has not yet been reached. What has happened at Box Hill has naturally happened elsewhere; along the Thames, at Sevenoaks, and scores of other places. The Crystal Palace and Alexandra Park have no doubt great natural advantages in the noble prospects which they overlook; but they too have preferred to surrender to the multitude. It would be churlish to grudge the latter their share of recreation, and they are of course entitled to take it in their own way; but all the same, it is evident that it is impossible to cater simultaneously for the people who go about in their thousands, and for those who want ease and quiet. The Greenwich dinner still seems to maintain its reputation; and to those who do not go too often, there is a certain freshness and novelty in it which is agreeable enough. But Greenwich can now hardly be considered in the country, and, except for the look-out on the river, people might as well have the dinner in town, where it could of course be equally well cooked. Prices at Greenwich have hitherto had some effect in preventing an excessive rush, but there are indications of a similar invasion to that which has occurred elsewhere.

The truth would seem to be that the deterioration of country dinners is mainly due to the vast increase of business in that way, which has not only swamped the resources of the providers, but destroyed the special charm which attaches to going out of town—that is to say, the sense of quiet and seclusion. It is hardly worth while to go out of town if the greater part of the town goes with you, and the same gabble, bustle, and parade surround you wherever you turn. And it is this which makes one rather doubtful of the success of the magnificent project to which “Amphitryon,” in language equal to the occasion, has just directed attention from the most benevolent and disinterested motives. He has long sorrowed, it seems, over the melancholy condition of English cookery, and has endeavoured in various ways to render it less out of keeping with our pretensions to civilization. What has of late particularly struck him has been the want of some suburb or village within the range of London where society might enjoy the charms of the country combined with the refinement, good taste, and high living of the capital. He admits that in this respect other capitals are nearly as badly off as our own, and that the “Blue House” at Laxenburg, near Vienna, is almost the only place in Europe that comes near to satisfying his ideal. The “Star and Garter” at Richmond, however, will soon, if he can only carry out his plans, cast Laxenburg into the shade. “The view of wood and water is superb,” which indeed all will



admit; "the air is fine and dry," like the champagne; "the gardens capable of great floral beauty," which, however, is still hidden in the future; and "any one who stays there after nine o'clock on a summer's evening is almost deafened by the nightingales"—a touch worthy of George Robins. We may expect to see in the advertisements, "By express desire, the nightingales will sing at nine o'clock." The natural charms of Richmond Hill sink, however, into comparative insignificance by the side of the culinary delights which are now promised under the management of "Amphitryon." He has long been impressed by the conviction that "the one great drawback to the success and renown of our modern cooks is that they or their masters will not or cannot spend the money that is absolutely necessary for the cultivation of high art"; but "Never to think of expense" is to be the rule of the new Company. Everything, it should be observed, is on the grandest scale in connexion with this enterprise. It has been taken up by two not merely rich, but "very rich capitalists"; no less a person than "Amphitryon" is going to give it the benefit of his gastronomic experience in every part of the world, as well as, indeed, as we are led to suppose, the assistance of his own hand in the occasional preparation of sauces; and one of the chefs is the great Barberel, a wonderful hand, we are assured, for *entremets*, and as a *confiseur*. "Amphitryon" gives us a highly dramatic, and almost tragic, account of his difficulty in persuading Barberel, by personal entreaties and a handsome *douceur*, to accept the situation. It was by working on Barberel's feelings as an artist, however, that he chiefly won his triumph. "Chez un vrai artiste, mon bon Barberel," he said, "le bien-être de la noble science de dégustation est pour quelque chose"; which the great artist admitted, adding that if everybody thought as "the Colonel" did, the peace of the world would be assured, "car, au moins, on dînerait mieux."

We are rather startled, however, to find that "Amphitryon" in the course of his lifelong gastronomic studies has not yet discovered the meaning of *cordon bleu*. He tells Barberel that he will take him in hand and send him back to his former employer, M. Morel, "un meilleur cordon bleu que lui-même." It is odd that "Amphitryon" should not know that "*cordon bleu*" is exclusively applied to women cooks. The story is that Mme. Dubarry, indignant at a declaration by Louis XV. that no woman could attain to the highest pitch of perfection in cooking, sought out the cleverest expert of her own sex whom she could find, let her into the secret of the King's favourite dishes, and then set before the voluptuary a dinner which enchanted him. He was amazed to find that it was a *cuisinière* who had thus regaled him, and assigned her a *cordon bleu* at the request of Mme. Dubarry, who thus appears oddly enough as a champion of woman's rights. Somehow or other, however, the name of the *cuisinière* does not appear in the roll of the Order. To return, however, to the bill of fare. Everything is to be done regardless of expense, and "Amphitryon" gives us illustrations of what he means by this. The best artistes, he asserts, invariably use light broth, and never, water for soups or sauces. This broth is made of beef, veal, and other ingredients, and costs a large sum. "Now, I should like to know," asks "Amphitryon," "how many of our best hotels and restaurants—nay, how many of our palaces and our best clubs—ever have seven gallons of this broth lying idle ready to be used instead of water in making soups and sauces." The question is not answered; but of course we are led to infer that seven gallons is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the ocean of costly sauce which will always be found at the "Star and Garter." Some idea of the enthusiasm and devotion to be expended on this enterprise may also be gathered from the manner in which the preparation of sauces has been rehearsed by the Chairman and his assistants. "To satisfy ourselves that we were 'proof' on every side, we started with first principles. We commenced by all three devoting ourselves for eight entire days to make the eight 'foundation sauces' of high art—one sauce each day. One of these—the Velouté—has hitherto usually taken two days to make, but on this occasion it was got ready in twenty-four hours. These eight sauces are the foundation of all known sauces and soups," and "Amphitryon" modestly hopes that he has laid the basis of "something not ordinarily to be met with at public places."

It will be seen that the weak point of this grand scheme lies in the assumption that there are a sufficient number of people capable of appreciating high-art cookery to keep the hotel going on the scale which it has now reached. Originally it was a comparatively small place, with a limited class of customers, who went there pretty regularly, and who cared more for the repose and beauty of the scene than for masterpieces of culinary art. They were, most of them, satisfied with wholesome food and good wine. Since it has been in the hands of a Company the establishment has been considerably enlarged, and the old frequenters have been driven away by the promiscuous multitude which does not mind paying high prices for a bad dinner. It is only in a very select circle that high art in anything, whether cookery or painting, can be worshipped, and there is no reason to suppose that this exclusiveness will be found at the "Star and Garter." Another point on which we think "Amphitryon" is mistaken is in thinking that a fine dinner and the contemplation of pretty scenery naturally go together. On the contrary, the epicure, of whom Brillat Savarin may be taken as the type, finds his enjoyment in concentrating his whole attention on the table. It was one of Savarin's theories that the pleasure of a good dinner was quite independent of hunger or even appetite, and in fact he

seems to have been rather afraid of an appetite, as tending to substitute a coarse satisfaction of nature for the subtleties of artistic perception. In town a restaurant of very high excellence would probably do very well; but it would have to depend upon a limited number of customers who would be capable of appreciating it, and whose tastes in the way of quiet and elegant repose would have to be carefully studied. On the other hand, it may be thought that people who are really enjoying fresh air and a beautiful landscape can dispense with luxurious dishes. What is now wanted in the rural precincts of London is not cookery after the fashion of Lucullus or Apicius, but plain wholesome food and unadulterated liquor. This is a very modest ambition, but at present, unfortunately, it is seldom attainable.

#### NEW SEES.

THE House of Commons has shown, both by its ready acceptance of the St. Albans Bishopric Bill, after just enough of opposition to add emphasis to its expressed opinion, and by the majorities with which it protested against the dilatory tactics of the small and incongruous clique who were able to obstruct the further progress of the Episcopate Bill, that the question of increasing the number of Bishops in England, in something like proportion to the growth of population, has passed from the province of the theorizer to that of practical statesmen. It is impossible to predict whether, with the swarm of Government Bills stopping the way, and the discordant opposition of the followers of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Dillwyn, and Mr. Watkin Williams harassing its flanks, the Episcopate Bill can reach the Statute-book before the prorogation; as, however, we may now assume that its success is only a matter of time, it will not be unprofitable to examine how far the destitution which it seeks to meet is a real one, and what are the parts of the country which most urgently demand relief.

When the bishopric of St. Albans has been established the Episcopate of the two provinces of Canterbury and York will (taking Gloucester and Bristol together) include twenty-nine dioceses, comprising four in Wales, and the exceptional bishopric of Sodor and Man, as to which in the present connexion we shall have nothing to say. The twenty-four remaining sees distributed over the forty counties of England differ very widely both in area and population, although it would probably be impossible, consistently with preserving their present number, and with a reasonable respect for the co-relations between county and diocese, further to reduce these discrepancies. At the same time it might be recollected that these differences (not to refer to the now obsolete distinction of capriciously varying incomes) are as nothing to those which existed some forty years ago. At that epoch the then twenty-two sees of England (with Gloucester and Bristol still parted, and Ripon, Manchester, and St. Albans not yet existing) represented in their varying areas the long and eventful history of their gradual formation. The primitive sees, such as Canterbury, London, and Winchester, for instance, recalled the regnal arrangements of the Heptarchy. Lincoln crystallized more than one chapter of English history in its see, which, after the abstraction of Oxford and Peterborough at the Reformation, still extended from the Humber to the Thames, but of which the throne had, after the Conquest, moved from the Oxfordshire Dorchester to the hill of Lincoln; while Henry the VIII.'s bishoprics betrayed the hasty workmanship which could run up a diocese for Bristol by the annexation of Dorsetshire, and create sees of Oxford and Peterborough with so little relief to Lincoln. The remodelling of the dioceses which followed on Sir Robert Peel's Church reform of 1835 has been of a very wholesale character, and in any further distribution of sees we are accordingly confronted with arrangements which have a very reduced traditional prestige to set off against patent anomalies or proved inconveniences. We may illustrate our position by one or two examples. The absurdity of yoking the two counties of Essex, with a population of 419,000 in 1871, and Hertfordshire with one of 178,000, both of them north of the Thames, to a bishopric which takes its title from a town of Kent, and which is already charged with the Kentish portion of London, has been one of the most telling arguments in favour of the St. Albans arrangement. Yet this anomaly only dates from our own time. The original bishopric of Rochester was comprised in some eighty or ninety parishes scattered in different parts of Kent, the easy care of which was supposed to leave ample time to the Bishop to give his services in aid of the overtaxed Archbishop of Canterbury. He was, in fact, a coadjutor with the status of a diocesan. But the reformers of 1835 had—given bishop and cathedral at Rochester—to find for them a diocese. So they took Essex from London, and Hertfordshire from Lincoln, and heaped them on the little Kentish see. Lincoln had also to yield (and herein very reasonably) Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire to Ely, Rutland and Leicestershire to Peterborough, and Buckinghamshire to Oxford, while it took in exchange Nottinghamshire both from the diocese and the province of York. We shall not multiply illustrative instances, but proceed to offer some suggestions as to the districts of England which might be made the subjects of a moderate and tentative, yet real and successful, application of the Episcopate Bill. We dismiss at once all plans of unlimited cutting-up and gig-bishop, while for present purposes we regard the plan of a bishop per county as too ideal, and as in fact impracticable with the

great differences in population and acreage between the various counties. In each case we shall have something to say, both upon the area of the diocese and the selection of the see-town; while we rest our practical plan upon the practical necessities of teeming population, not upon the artistic claims of picturesque churches languishing for the brevet rank of cathedral. We have always contended that a bishop without a cathedral and a chapter is an imperfect institution, and we shall not travel again over that beaten road, while admitting the frequent present necessity for starting with the bishop and leaving the cathedral and its staff to follow. The three newest English bishoprics have in this respect been fortunate, as cathedrals were found ready made in the right places at Ripon, Manchester, and St. Albans, and chapters in the two former.

Those who have followed the history of the St. Albans Bill will have noticed a transient disappointment on the part of some inhabitants of Surrey that the new see was not made one of Southwark. The whole county of Surrey contained in round numbers, by the census of 1871, 823,000 inhabitants, of whom much the larger portion belonged to the eastern or London part of the diocese. This district, by the Bill, will be separated from the remaining county, which still continues within the diocese of Winchester, and be assigned to the reconstituted Rochester. But a calmer examination of the question has convinced the objectors that, upon the whole, this scheme ought to be closed with. It is, however, undoubtedly true that, if even a wider system of episcopal extension could prevail, there would be ample scope in West Kent alone for the labours of future bishops of Rochester, while the reasons for founding a bishopric of Southwark, with St. Saviour's as the cathedral, would then be irresistible. We pass over the claims which have been very energetically pressed for the separation of Cornwall, with 362,000 souls and a length of eighty miles, from Devonshire, with its population of 600,000, not because we do not consider it a very strong case, but because we are satisfied that it has made its merits publicly felt, which may not have happened with other equally crying anomalies of the same kind. The union of the sees of Gloucester and Bristol may not, as far as population goes, offer the strongest claim for readjustment. But with two cathedrals, one of which is just about to be completed, and two existing chapters, we should think that it ought not to be very difficult to provide two bishops.

No one, we suppose, would deny the claim of the large county of Suffolk, with its 341,000 inhabitants, to be relieved from the unnatural dismemberment which assigns it in part to Norwich—possessing otherwise the whole extensive county of Norfolk, with a population of 333,000—and in part to Ely, which, without this addition, ranges over the three counties of Cambridge, Bedfordshire, and Hunts, with an aggregate flock of 383,000. The question will of course arise of the see-town; and the choice will be between the picturesque old county town of Ipswich, in which, however, there is no church of commanding size and importance, and which is placed in a corner of the county, and the smaller, but rather more central, Bury St. Edmunds, with its two enormous parish churches to recall the fame of its now wholly destroyed Abbey.

Leicestershire, with 240,000 inhabitants, would probably think itself entitled to stand apart from Peterborough, which would still be left with Northamptonshire (now developing into a mining region), and numbering 232,000 in 1871, and little Rutland, with its contingent of 23,000. But as outsiders we must pass on to far stronger claims in other midland shires. Eight counties, divided between four bishops, form a broad belt comprising 3,061,000 inhabitants, and extending across all England from east to west as follows:—Lincolnshire with 417,000 and Nottinghamshire with 293,000 souls belong to Lincoln; Derbyshire with 336,000 and Staffordshire with 748,000 to Lichfield; Shropshire with 240,000 is divided between the already overweighted Lichfield and Hereford, which also claims its own county of 125,000 population; while to Worcester, in addition to Worcestershire, with its own population of 317,000, is assigned Warwickshire with 585,000. Here is obviously a demand which is, on the principle of the necessity of an increase of the Episcopate, irresistible, both for more bishops and for redistribution. Three, or at least two, fresh sees must be formed, and Shropshire ought at once to be assigned in its totality to Hereford. The only difficulty as to the diocese for Warwickshire will be the choice of a see-town; Birmingham is by far the hugest place in the county, but it is in a corner, while the large and ancient city of Coventry—for several centuries the seat of one of the cathedrals of the united dioceses of Coventry and Lichfield, and between the destruction of that cathedral at the Reformation and late changes, a titular seat of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry—still possesses a parish church well calculated to be raised to cathedral rank.

We are now left to deal with the counties of Stafford, Derby, and Nottingham. No sane person can deny that Staffordshire alone is as much as, if not more than, the most vigorous Bishop of Lichfield can adequately deal with, and the only question which remains to be settled is, whether there should be two or one bishop for Derbyshire and Notts. We should prefer two, and we conceive that population combined with area justifies the claim; but one only would be better than the present arrangements. If there were a bishop for each county, the position of Nottingham, in a corner of its shire, would militate against its being selected as the see-town, in spite of its population and its fine church; while the claims of Southwell, with its magnificent minster, till lately in fact as well as in name collegiate (as it had been from the earliest times), would be recognized as preponderating. If there ever should be a Bishop

of Derby, Derbyshire would have to build its cathedral. Staffordshire might further be relieved by joining its northern and more hilly portion to the see of Derby.

We may now proceed to the province of York. Of course Northumberland with its 336,000 inhabitants, spread over an enormous acreage, must be divorced from Durham with its rapidly-growing population of 521,000. The spacious church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle, would no doubt very vigorously assert its claims to be the cathedral as against the venerable minster of Hexham in its quiet country town. The population of the three Ridings of Yorkshire was in 1871 as follows:—North, 294,000; East, 246,000; West, 1,495,000. The first two are now attached to the archiepiscopal see, which is further burdened with the general ecclesiastical business of the whole Church attaching to a Primacy; and the West Riding belongs to Ripon. There can be no doubt as to the necessity of dividing the latter diocese, and it would also be well, if possible, to relieve York, which would probably retain the North Riding, while Beverley Minster would appropriately and conveniently give a throne to the Bishop of the East Riding. Adjacent to, if not absorbed by, Leeds (a town of now nearly 300,000 inhabitants), stand the ruins of Kirkstall Priory, in a condition (as Sir Gilbert Scott reported) admitting of easy and comparatively inexpensive repair; and with such a cathedral close by, and all but ready, Leeds might well endow another bishopric for the relief of the manufacturing portion of the West Riding.

The south-eastern corner of Lancashire, including Liverpool, at present belongs to the diocese of Chester, but already Liverpool has publicly expressed its discontent at an arrangement which is alike spiritually inconvenient and mortifying to the dignity of the second largest town in England, and has more or less promised to bear its part in repairing the deficiency. A Bishop of Liverpool could hardly be set up without a cathedral of Liverpool being also projected. Neither need be a difficulty there, and we should anticipate that Liverpool would be one of the first places to come forward with a practical proposal for another bishop.

We do not of course mean, in offering this sketch, to suggest that all the new sees which we have indicated can or ought to be undertaken at once. We have never forgotten that the measure on which any projects may be founded is a permissive one, and that the engine which it proposes to employ is voluntary munificence. Our object has been to show that the demand for an increased Episcopate is both a real and a pressing grievance, and one which exists in every quarter of England. It must be recollected that the districts in which the population is most heavy are also for the most part those in which it is most rapidly increasing. The huge figures which we have quoted, such as those from Staffordshire or Warwickshire, are figures of four years back, and are already much outstripped. After all the claims which we have presented shall have been discussed, the great problem of the spiritual supervision of London will remain unsolved.

#### SCOTCH FEELING MARKETS.

IF Scotch farmers enjoy a satisfactory fixity of tenure in their land, thanks to the system of nineteen years' leases, the same thing cannot be said of their labourers. In some of the Northern counties at least the farm-labourer never considers himself as settled in his place, however comfortable his master may make him. The change of service at the Whitsun Day and Martinmas terms are regarded as the great events in an otherwise monotonous existence. Feeling (hiring) markets are held half-yearly in all the towns and important villages. These are of course arranged so as not to clash with each other, and if masters or men do not manage to suit themselves at one place, they go elsewhere, and are sure to succeed at last. There can seldom be much trouble in coming to an agreement. A man who is giving up a good place, if not on principle, at least in obedience to the imperious dictates of custom, has probably the intention of returning to it so soon as possible, so that how he may fare in the meantime may be supposed to be a matter of comparative indifference. Take it all in all, there can be no very great difference between one labourer's place and another. The quarters may be more or less comfortable, the bothy and the beds more or less roomy; but the hours and the work are much the same, and so is the food, of which there is sure to be plenty. At the market, early in the day, bargaining is slack. With proverbial Scotch caution, the contracting parties are slow to close till they see how prices are likely to rule. Of late years, however, it is the men who have most to gain by waiting. Wages have been steadily advancing to figures at which farmers profess to be horrified, and each term-day employers have had to offer more than they offered on the last. But when once the new tariff has been practically settled, business goes briskly forward. Thanks to emigration and the ease with which a steady man can save sufficient to stock a small farm for himself, the demand for the best class of labour is generally in excess of the supply; so the farmers who hang back and chaffer while their neighbours are hiring will find at the close of a blank day that they have proved themselves penny wise and pound foolish.

Dear as the joys and excitement of the feeling market may be to the country people and the agricultural labourers, we should scarcely advise a tourist to time his journey so as to be present at one of these merry meetings. Still, should accident chance to send him thither, he may see a good deal that is not undeserving of notice,



and will at all events learn why rural Scotland is less distinguished for morality than for religion. He may have retired to rest in one of those flourishing manufacturing cities which are at the same time the agricultural capitals of their counties. He is awakened prematurely by a bustle of early traffic under his windows, and, as he lies listening, the occasional rattle of wheels and desultory clatter of voices gradually swell to something like a continuous roar. Gig after gig is passing down the broad street in parallel streams. Each of these conveyances has fully as many occupants as it can comfortably accommodate—a couple of farmers with a third wedged in between them; or a man and his wife with a full-grown daughter sitting bodkin, and possibly a child or two stowed away “among their feet.” There is a rush of heavy-booted foot passengers along the pavements, most of them talking at the top of their voices, no two of them marching in step, and all setting their faces in the same direction. The spacious street ends in a great market place with an ancient city cross in the centre, and in former times it probably offered something like elbow-room for all who came on the great day of the feeing. But now the railway lines that radiate out in all directions have been rapidly doing the work of centralization; and the local markets are being deserted for this increasing gathering in the capital. From earliest daylight, the lads and the lasses, with the heads of labouring families and their helpmates from outlying farms in remote parishes, have been out on the tramp, and converging towards the respective stations of their districts. Trains densely packed have been discharging their noisy occupants at the great central terminus, until the country has fairly taken the city by storm. There is literally no possibility of moving in the market-place, as far as one can see, and not much in its immediate vicinity. It is to be supposed that sooner or later people must shift their positions, otherwise either no business could be done, or the labourer looking out for a place would have to come to terms with the employer against whom he chanced at the moment to be jammed. In the meantime, however, they are all wedged up in groups, and very pleasantly they seem to take the restraint. Old acquaintances have met, after being separated for six months; they are happy in comparing notes or indulging in “cracks.” Under the warmth of the crush and the pressure, flirtations are already being forced into open love-making; love or friendship is still in the ascendant everywhere, and as yet all is mirth and good humour. Nowadays there is nothing characteristic in the way of costume, and fashion has been busy obliterating the more picturesque traces of the past. These girls’ mothers or grandmothers may have been in the habit of going to the market in gracefully snooded hair and cloaks of brilliant scarlet. Now, to say nothing of the ruddy bloom in their cheeks and the light in their laughing eyes, there is abundance of colour in the clothing to relieve the neutral tints of the grey granite and the greyer sky. But the colour is supplied by staring gowns and flaunting ribbons. They are all dressed in the very extreme of the fashion as it has penetrated to the shop of the “merchant” of all trades who is the Worth of their native hamlets; hats are skewered to the back of chignons of frizzled wool and horsehair; and honest faces grin from under wild superstructures of flowers and feathers, and look down in extreme complacency on gaudy calico gowns of hues that were never seen in the rainbow. The opportunity for studying the latest fashions, the effort to eclipse each other in the splendours of their gorgeous apparel, is doubtless, in the case of women, one of the chief inducements to turn out of their situations and show themselves in the market-place. Nor, unhappily, does either the exhibition or the holiday cost very much in point of money to the better-looking of them. Each fair one has her circle of demonstrative admirers, unless indeed she has been monopolized beforehand by some fortunate wooer, who in that case is bound to assert his position by giving generous proofs of his attachment. Nor do the men, louts as they may look while between the stilt of the plough, neglect on this supreme occasion the adventitious advantages of the toilet. Their faces are scoured like the buckles of their cart harness on the day of a horse show. Rebellious hair has been conscientiously plastered down under thick layers of scented cart-grease. Stiff new shooting-coats, standing out at queer angles with the slouching but powerful form, are set off by smart ties of such brilliant blues as come into favour in London on the eve of the University boat-race. The passions of love, vanity, and rivalry assert themselves in turn, playing into the hands of the shopkeepers who speculate on the weaknesses of agricultural nature. The Scot has the reputation of being a shrewd and saving man, and the further north you go, the cannier he is supposed to be, but you would scarcely say as much if you saw him in the excitement of the feeing market. Ladies are literally threatened with being torn asunder among contending admirers, who lay fast hold of their arms to drag them to a booth or up to a counter, and force upon them the fairing they may have deigned to admire.

Were this the only mode of treating in vogue, it might all be comparatively innocent. But for each shop or stall that is gay with shawls and ribbons, with sticky sweetmeats and sham jewelry, there are at least a couple of others devoted to the sale of refreshments. Men must eat, and women too, when they come out for a half-yearly holiday with healthy appetites. But naturally on an occasion so exceptional there is a grand opening for promiscuous conviviality. Old acquaintances come together to take “a cup of kindness,” and what a man receives in that way he feels bound to pay promptly back. Steady hard-working men who live at a distance from inns and public-houses, who would never dream of

getting drunk under the eyes of their parish or when there is work to be done, feel that at the feeing market they are almost bound to break out. Beer-drinking unfortunately is not their habit; they indulge patriotically in the strong national beverage, unless they swallow the heavy adulterated porter which stands in need of immediate correction. Too often the ladies in their company are constrained to sip and sip again in common courtesy. Up to a certain point the assemblage gets more good-humoured than ever. The jokes get a little broader perhaps as the laughter grows noisier and more unmeaning; but still there is nothing but the most hearty good-fellowship, and a more generous competition as to who is to stand treat next. Later, however, the liquor mounts to the most seasoned heads, or there comes a misanthropical reaction after unaccustomed debauchery. The more sage and discreet start for home, but the rest remain to get quarrelsome over their cups, or to become morosely pugnacious as they withdraw into themselves. Though some are gone, the crowd has scarcely thinned, for the roughs of the city come out to swell it. The police, whose duties in the beginning of the day merely limited themselves to friendly observation, now begin to have their hands something more than full. We prefer not to follow the orgy into the twilight, when belated revellers set out for their homes, often escorting the young women whom they have been insisting on treating since the morning. But any one may surmise the obvious consequences; nor need we wonder that the Registrar’s returns should create an annual scandal, which General Assemblies debate over with shame and sorrow, but tacitly confess themselves powerless to remedy.

No doubt on an occasion of the kind one sees the Scotch agricultural labourer at his worst. Follow him home to the farm where he has hired himself, and, after he has got over the effects of his unwonted dissipation, he will settle himself to a steady life for the next six months. He will work hard, lay by his wages, and shake his head at the ne’er-do-weels who frequent the whisky-shop. He will sit on Sundays at the feet of his minister, and listen critically and attentively to the ministrations, if he should chance not to be overpowered with sleep. He will even peruse the county paper with considerable interest in the intervals of nodding over the fire of an evening. He would lose caste if he were to be seen reeling along the roads; and if he did seek the inn parlour of an evening, he would be hard put to it to find congenial company to drink with. In short, he shows much self-respect, according to his personal lights and the moral atmosphere he lives in, and considering the temptations to which he is exposed. But the system of bothies, with perpetual changes of place and periodical orgies, is the very worst that could be devised for the moral well-being of the labourer. In the bothy men live huddled together, waited on by one or more young women, beyond the farmer’s immediate superintendence. Should a master concern himself about them, they soon leave him; not necessarily because they resent the interest he shows, but simply because constant change is the general practice. They can never settle down to anything like domesticity till they marry and move into a cottage; too often a marriage is merely the tardy consecration of a previous illicit connexion, offering the unmarried women of the neighbourhood another bad example and a fresh incentive to lax morality. The state of things in some of these Scotch counties is as unsatisfactory as may be, and for much of it these feeing markets are at least indirectly, if not directly, responsible.

#### GROUND OF TOLERATION.

IT is frequently affirmed or assumed that toleration and indifference are synonymous, or at least correlative, terms; or, in other words, that those whose faith is unhesitating are sure to persecute—and are right to persecute—if they have the means, while toleration, if it arises from anything but weakness, is an infallible sign of real, though possibly unconscious, doubt. Mr. Lecky, for instance, is constantly harping on this theme in his *History of Rationalism*, and it crops up again and again, though in a somewhat different connexion, in the works of Mr. Froude. Some modern writers who are thoroughgoing advocates of toleration in general have even gone so far as to say that no “exclusive” religion, such as the Roman Catholic, ought to be tolerated, because it is bound, in common consistency, to suppress all dissent whenever it has the power. Those who speak in this way do not usually care to argue about a point which strikes them as self-evident; or, if any argument is required, they think it enough to appeal to what they would call the broad facts of history, and observe that the ages of faith were the ages of persecution, and that toleration was the result of the Reformation. And it may be allowed that, on a mere *prima facie* view, the testimony of history does seem so far to be in their favour. Yet we shall venture to maintain, at the risk of what may look like a paradox, that the half-truth they have seized upon is not even half the truth, and that it would be less inaccurate to say, though it would be an exaggeration, that doubt is the foster-mother of persecution, and faith of toleration. It is not true in fact that the most rigorous persecutions have been based on religious principles, any more than that they have served the cause of religion; neither is it by any means true that those religions which are commonly regarded as the most dogmatic and exclusive have always been the most persecuting in principle. Here, however, it is necessary to draw a distinction, or rather to guard against a very common confusion of language. Of course, if to tolerate

all religions means to regard them as all about equally true, toleration is synonymous with indifference, which is much the same thing as saying that a spade is a spade. But then that is not the proper meaning of the word. And yet this confusion runs through a great deal of the popular nonsense that is talked on the subject. Thus, for instance, we saw it stated the other day that it is absurd and intolerant to deny the orthodoxy of Churches which have no episcopate; which can only mean that it is absurd and intolerant to maintain the High Church doctrines of apostolic succession and sacramental grace, for it follows of necessity from those doctrines that Churches which have no succession are, so far at least, heterodox; but it does not at all follow that they ought not to be tolerated. And so again there was a great deal of angry complaint not long ago about the frustration of an attempt made by some few Anglican clergymen to establish an interchange of pulpits with Dissenting preachers, and we were loudly assured that the great principle of toleration was at stake. Yet the real question at issue was something totally different—namely, whether there are any differences worth considering between the Church of England and the Nonconformist bodies which have separated from her communion. To tolerate a religion does not mean to treat it as true, or even as free from the most serious errors, but simply as having a fair claim to exist and enjoy civil rights. With the improper and purely arbitrary sense often attached to the word we are not now concerned, and we may dismiss it for the present with the obvious remark that it is inconceivable that all religions, or all varieties comprehended under the common designation of Christianity, should be equally true, though it is of course conceivable that they might all be equally false.

Taking toleration then in its proper sense, is there any ground either of abstract reasoning or historical evidence for alleging that it is incompatible with genuine religious belief? None whatever. There are a hundred reasons why men may persecute besides the conviction that all heretics will be damned—for that, to put it plainly, is the principle assumed in the argument we are dealing with—just as there are a hundred reasons, besides mere want of power, why they may tolerate religions which they firmly believe to be false. Toleration may spring from a sense of superiority so strong that it despises all dissidents, and thus Mahometans are sometimes said to be tolerant from their scorn of "infidel dogs." But this is hardly a case in point, for Mahometans have little opportunity of persecuting in the present day, and intolerance is certainly a principle of their creed, which was originally propagated, as Christianity never was, by the sword, and that by the express directions of its founder. Still it remains true that a profound conviction of their own faith would naturally incline believers to trust to its inherent strength, and that the bitterest religious persecutors have for the most part been men whose sincerity was questionable. There is something in persecution analogous to the hard and confident professions by which waverers sometimes endeavour to disguise from themselves and others an uneasy suspicion that they may be wrong. To confine ourselves here to the case of Christians, it is surely no proof of latent scepticism to believe that all forcible methods of propagating truth are directly condemned by the letter or spirit of the Gospel. This was unquestionably the belief of the great body of the early Fathers, who yet never hesitated to sacrifice their own lives for their faith, as was conspicuously illustrated in the dispute between St. Martin and certain Spanish bishops about the Priscillianists at the end of the fourth century. St. Augustine may indeed be cited on the other side; but as he was one of the most voluminous of writers, and almost always wrote *pro re nata* to meet some immediate call, he is by no means always consistent with himself, and the general tenor of his writings points the other way. It was not till the middle ages that persecution became a recognized system, and that, as we shall see presently, on grounds more secular than religious. Some, again, advocate toleration neither from religious principle nor religious indifference, but on what may be called in this country the traditional Whig theory, that an opposite system serves to concentrate and sharpen the religious element in society which it is the wisdom of statesmen to keep as much as possible in abeyance. This is one reason why so many Englishmen heartily dislike Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy, though there are of course many also who sincerely condemn it as unjust. It is obvious, again, that no persecution is likely to alter the inner belief of its victims, except by intensifying it, though it may sometimes be possible, by a sufficiently thorough process, to stamp out a weak or nascent sect altogether. And an earnest believer would feel the religious force of this objection the most keenly, while it would not affect the argument from political expediency. He would also be likely to remember that even a persecution which is successful for the moment is pretty sure in the long run to injure any cause with whose religious interests it is supposed to be identified. English Roman Catholics are suffering to this day for the disastrous policy of the last few years of Roman Catholic ascendancy in England. But, in fact, all the chief persecutions recorded in history have sprung much more from social and political than from religious motives. This will at once be admitted as to the persecution of Christians during the first three centuries of our era, which was carried on under some of the best as well as some of the worst of the Roman Emperors, and had from their point of view a good deal to say for itself. It was only to show his contempt for the religion he had abandoned that Julian the Apostate did not choose to dignify it by a revival of their ineffectual severities, and, had he lived longer, he might not improbably have changed his mind.

What is not so generally understood is that the same principle

lay at the root of the mediæval treatment of heresy. No doubt a theological theory was framed to justify it, which eventually found its way into the canon law, but the theory grew out of the practical necessity, real or supposed, not *vice versa*. Thus, to take a critical example, the extermination of the Albigenses was considered, and there were plausible grounds for considering it, essential for the preservation of society, and that not simply on account of their immoralities, but of the social and political principles of the sect, which was moulded on a radically different ethical standard. It was regarded by contemporary public opinion much as we should regard a community of Thugs, or, to take a modern parallel, as the Salt Lake settlement is coming to be regarded in the United States. And the same idea was acted upon in cases to which its application is less obvious. It was thought dangerous to admit any new religion into a State organized on the basis of religious uniformity. Now there are obvious advantages in religious uniformity from a purely political point of view—witness "the religious difficulty" which is so perplexing to modern statesmen—and it may even be argued that it is necessary at a certain stage of political development. In the youth of States, when they are maturing their system of law and imbibing that religious spirit which lies at the basis of all law, and again in their weakness, so long as they cannot stand without the support of an ecclesiastical organization and the sanction of definite religious ideas, this uniformity may be said to be necessary to them. Some States again are more fragile than others, and more sensitive to religious dissent. This at all events is the historical explanation of mediæval intolerance, but it came inevitably to be justified by simpler and less tenable arguments, and then to be continued when it had already become an anachronism. It is always a temptation to men to generalize from their immediate experience and to imagine that what is right or expedient or excusable in a given case holds good as a universal law. Thus the Southern States of the American Union held a theory of slavery, and the Northern States held a theory of abolition, equally absolute and equally unreasonable. Mediæval, and indeed Catholic persecution generally, was in reality, like that carried on by the Roman Empire against the Christians, more political than theological, and defensive rather than aggressive, the great exception to this rule being found in the cruel and senseless religious policy of Louis XIV. But the practice, which had been formulated into a system by theologians and canonists, survived when its original grounds had passed away, and we look with natural horror at the most glaring instance of it in the Spanish Inquisition, which may properly be regarded in the light of a gigantic anachronism. It was to the last a political rather than an ecclesiastical institution, and dealt with sundry offences of a wholly secular kind, such as selling horses across the Pyrenees. After making all deductions for current exaggerations—and Llorente's figures are successfully demolished by Hefele in his *Life of Ximenes*—it was bad enough in all conscience, but it is worth observing that it does not seem to have done such fatal injury to literature as is often represented, and as we might *a priori* have expected. From 1500 to 1670 Spanish literature was at its zenith, and Spanish theologians took the lead at the Council of Trent. Cervantes died in the same year as Shakespeare, Lopez and Calderon much later. Mariana, who has been called "the only Jesuit that ever saw and spoke the truth in Church and State," and who was perhaps the ablest writer that powerful Order ever produced, lived and wrote and published in Spain under the Inquisition. Historical science, as distinct from the history of their own country, and physical science, have never flourished among the Spaniards, but that seems to be due rather to their national character than to the Inquisition, for national history and theology are more provocative of censorship, and Spain has done no more for science since the tribunal was abolished than before. But this by the way. We are not of course writing an apology for the Spanish Inquisition, but merely noting some points, apt to be overlooked, which may contribute to a more accurate appreciation of its historical position. Shocking as were the cruelties perpetrated, it still represented, like the Albigensian crusade and other mediæval severities, though under altered circumstances and with far less excuse, the political and defensive rather than the aggressive and theological principle of intolerance.

We have said that the principal persecutions, Christian as well as Pagan, were justified, or capable of being plausibly justified, on other than doctrinal grounds, according to the circumstances of the case. But the practice gradually generated a theory, which came in time to be authoritatively sanctioned. Those who accept Papal infallibility are irretrievably committed to the doctrinal principle of persecution, as might be inferred from Cardinal Manning's pitiable attempts to wriggle out of the difficulty in his Reply to Mr. Gladstone. Not to go further back, Leo X. lays down the rightfulness of burning heretics in the Bull condemning Luther; Benedict XIV., the most tolerant of Popes, is hardly less explicit in a Brief of 1748, and Pius VI. in a Brief of 1791. At the same time it is true, and could easily be shown by copious references to their writings, that the speculative and purely theological principle of intolerance is far more universally and emphatically taught by the early Protestant divines than had ever been the case previously. All the leading Reformers of the sixteenth century, without a single exception, are most emphatic on this point, and they insist on it strictly as a religious duty, and for aggressive quite as much as for defensive purposes. This arose partly from the Calvinist theory, which has always shown an affinity with persecution, partly from a literal application of Old Testament precedents,



partly and in great measure from the belief—by no means extinct yet—that the Pope is Anti-Christ, and his adherents not heretics simply, but idolaters, of which we heard an echo the other day in the opening speech of the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Kirk. In the next century the abstract principle of intolerance is laid down by two writers so widely differing from the early Reformers and from each other as Archbishop Laud and Milton. But it must suffice to have called attention to this important fact; we have no room to pursue the subject further here. One other point requires to be noticed in conclusion. Whatever may be pleaded in defence or in excuse of intolerance, under given circumstances, on grounds independent of religious doctrine, can hardly apply to the infliction of civil disabilities on the adherents of any particular religion, which do not preserve uniformity but supremacy, and are shown by experience to be a great political evil. It is easier to justify the expulsion of the Moors from Spain or the attempted suppression of Christianity in the Roman Empire than the humiliating and unprofitable restrictions imposed on Roman Catholics in England before 1829, and on Protestants in Austria before 1859. To sum up what has been said; so far from intolerance being a religious duty, as all the Reformers and several Popes have taught, the principle of toleration comes to us commended by all the best as well as the earliest traditions of the Christian Church. It is a principle, however, which has frequently been held liable to exception from ethical, social, and political considerations, on which we will merely observe here that the necessity for making an exception requires at all events to be in each case distinctly proved.

#### MR. JENKINS.

IT cannot fail to have been observed that there have lately been some unpleasant symptoms of a tendency to deterioration in the tone and manners of the House of Commons. In a recent discussion on the Standing Orders Mr. Disraeli felt himself obliged to say that since he entered the House he had noticed some changes in the habits of that assembly which were to be regretted, as, for instance, the readiness to give a personal turn to debates, and to repeat things which had been said beyond the walls; and he might have added that there has also been a marked falling off in the spirit of loyalty and subordination to the leaders on either side, and of respect for the House as a body, which formerly prevailed. In other days members were expected to undergo a silent apprenticeship before they ventured to do more than ask a question or make a little speech; they kept modestly in the background until they had acquired some experience of public business, and were content that their leaders should speak for them on all important questions. There was then a general understanding that a political party, like an army or any other organized force, must include distinctions of grade, that there must be officers and privates, and that everybody could not be in the front rank. Within the last few years, however, there has been a change in this respect, as far at least as one section of the House is concerned. Too many of the members below the gangway on the Liberal side have abandoned the affectation of respect for long official experience and tried capacity in statesmanship, as well as for the conventional courtesies of a company of gentlemen. Any raw recruit who has just taken the oaths deems himself entitled to seize upon a prominent seat, and to dictate to the House from the depths of his own native and untutored inspiration. The aim of this class of members seems to be to convert the House into a mere debating club for the display of their personal vanity and humours. They are perpetually thrusting themselves into notice, they jostle their leaders, and, in the vulgar phrase, are ready at any moment to instruct their grandmothers as to the sucking of eggs. If they happen to differ in opinion from their chiefs on any point, they are not troubled with the faintest doubts as to their own superior wisdom, nor do they think it necessary to adopt a guarded or persuasive tone. They at once repudiate their allegiance, and agitate for a mutiny. Theoretically, of course, one member of the House of Commons is just as good as another; and anybody, no matter how silly or obscure, who has happened to slip into the House by a fluke at election-time, has as much right to the ear of the House as a Minister or veteran. Practically, however, it is known that the assembly is composed of persons of very different degrees of weight and calibre; and business would soon be brought to a dead-lock if everybody aspired to an equal place in its deliberations. Any one who has had an opportunity of studying closely the actual life of the House of Commons must have seen how largely the neglect or contempt of this necessary subordination contributed to the downfall of the Liberal party. The enemy which did Mr. Gladstone's Government the greatest harm was to be found in its own camp in the persons of those Independent Liberals who assumed the functions of generals and field-marshal when they were only fit to be drummer-boys and to beat tattoo to orders. Not only were the principles of the party thus discredited, but the self-respect of the more sensible and solid part of it was outraged by the pranks which were played in its name.

We have no intention of discussing the question which was last week raised by Mr. Jenkins in regard to the appropriation of the funds of the disestablished Irish Church, but, as he is a very flagrant example of the sort of distemper which we have been describing, it may be as well to take him as an illustration. Mr.

Jenkins rose to fame by the publication of that great work *Gin's Baby*, which, we suspect, survives in recollection only by the popular application of the title to the author as a means of identification among the other Jenkinsees. On the strength of this marvellous production Mr. Jenkins the other day, as mouthpiece of a deputation on the copyright laws, introduced himself very characteristically to Mr. Disraeli as a choice sample of the "working literary genius" of the country; and on Friday in last week he exhibited himself to the House of Commons in yet another light, or, indeed, two other lights—"first," to use his own words, "as a Christian," and, "secondly, as a Liberal." Those who heard or who have read the speech which followed will perhaps be disposed to think that Mr. Jenkins gave a very curious representation both of Christian charity and Liberal candour. He brought a sweeping charge of corruption and conspiracy, not only against the clergy of the Irish Church, but against the Commissioners entrusted with the execution of the Act, and even against Mr. Gladstone and both the late and the present Government. "Plunder" and "robbery" were constantly in his mouth. "Large numbers," he said, "of the clergy of a Christian Church had deserted their charges, taking its money with them, and over two millions had been thus squandered in an ecclesiastical conspiracy and in immoral greed." And again, "Nothing could exceed the indecent haste shown by men professing to be the servants of Christ to make good their right to plunder the property of the country." He accused Mr. Gladstone of having used gross misrepresentations in regard to the financial position of the Church, and allowed him the choice of two horns on which to perform a "happy release"—"Either the right honourable gentleman must have erred grievously in his estimates, or he must have been a party to a political jugglery which deceived the whole country." Mr. Jenkins did not say which of these views he himself adopted; but he appears at least to be quite ready to believe that the leader of his party is capable of artfully "juggling" with accounts in order to defraud the public in the interest of a special class. It is no doubt true that the original estimates of compensation have been considerably exceeded; but nothing could be more disingenuous than to conceal the fact that this was because Parliament chose to extend the limits of compensation before the Bill was passed into law. Mr. Jenkins, too, may have his choice of horns. Either he knew the facts of the case and misrepresented them, or he did not know them; and what shall be said of a man who indulges in such volleys of calumny and vituperation without taking the trouble to verify his charges? At the close of this strange outbreak of ill-temper and bad taste Mr. Jenkins expressed a hope that "no honourable member would feel that he, at all events, had imported into the discussion any of the elements of bitterness of feeling." Mr. Jenkins's speech was also full of references to private matters and attacks on personal character. He dragged into it on behalf of an Irish friend a complaint of the way in which the Commissioners had treated the mortgage of a certain bit of property, and his statement of the case has since been flatly contradicted. He also cast aspersions on the professional integrity of Mr. Ball, the solicitor to the Commissioners, charging him with taking fees on both sides for contending parties, and with trumping up legal difficulties in order to bring business to himself. In short, everybody in turn came in for a share of offensive innuendo and insolent abuse; and indeed it is impossible to imagine any element of common propriety and even decency in public debate which Mr. Jenkins did not set himself to outrage. Such an abuse of the privileges of the House is, no doubt, happily a rare event; but it ought on no occasion to be passed over without severe rebuke. It is true that it is not part of the recognized functions of the Speaker to instruct members in the ordinary conventional amenities of good society, and his intervention is properly reserved for the use of expressions which are beyond the range of what is technically known as Parliamentary language. There is, however, another class of offences upon which the general public opinion of the House should be brought to bear; and it is to be regretted that, apart altogether from the question raised by Mr. Jenkins's motion, one or other of the responsible leaders of his party did not think it necessary to express an opinion on the manner in which the motion was brought forward. It is obvious that a proposal for an inquiry, which is necessarily based on *ex parte* statements, ought to be couched in a very guarded and cautious manner, and that the alleged guilt of the accused ought not to be allowed to be assumed beforehand.

Nothing can be more certain than that the general tone of the House must suffer if individual members are permitted to display their eccentricities without restraint, and to bring discredit on the whole body by an abuse of their privileges. Every one will of course admit that the rights of private members ought to be jealously preserved. They form necessarily an important element in the House, and even the least distinguished among them may at times have something to say which is well worth listening to. On the other hand, however, some control of temper and consideration for others may fairly be required even in the exercise of undoubted rights, and it is for the interest of the House at large that the dignity and decorum of its proceedings should be maintained. As we have said, this is not a case for the imposition of any hard rules or for direct official intervention; but there are other ways in which it may be brought home to the offenders that the feeling of the House is against them, and that they must learn to keep their proper place. There can be no doubt that formerly the general discipline of the House of Commons was kept up more firmly and

steadily than at present both by the efforts of the leaders on each side, who, in defence of order and decorum, were as a single party, and also by the influence of opinion within the assembly. The House was then regarded, not as a mere platform for personal displays, but as a corporate body which had its own self-respect and dignity to think of, and which was determined not to be trifled with. A little more experience of some of the scenes which have been lately enacted will perhaps convince the leaders on both sides that they cannot afford to ignore this part of their duty. Mr. Disraeli has apparently found the present House of Commons much more difficult to manage than any with which he has before had to deal; and unless an energetic attempt is made to restore discipline, its unmanageableness will increase. A Minister has never appealed to the House to help him in such a case without receiving cordial support, and there is no reason to suppose that this would now be withheld. It will not do, however, to leave the House too much to take care of itself in this matter; and the enforcement of good manners all round is just as much the interest of the Opposition as of the Ministry.

#### SIGNOR SALVINI'S HAMLET.

THE Italian version of *Hamlet* in which Signor Salvini appears is yet more remote from Shakspeare's play than is the version of *Othello*. A Hamlet whose discourse to the players and burst of passion and irony over the recorders are omitted is essentially different from that Hamlet to which one is accustomed. These are but two out of many scenes which are either left out or greatly altered; and it is to be especially noted that every trace of humour is taken away from the original play in the version which the Italian company at Drury Lane present. Yet, as in the case of *Othello*, there is so much of the old stock retained that it is necessary to judge Signor Salvini's rendering of Hamlet as an attempt to portray the Hamlet of Shakspeare; and to this Hamlet that of the Italian tragedian suggests no remarkable likeness.

Signor Salvini's Hamlet is to some extent melancholy and meditative; but in his melancholy there is little tenderness; nor is it the sadness of a noble mind overthrown; and his meditation is less that of a man who is distraught by many emotions than of one who even in the most trying situations can make a cool and deliberate use of his faculties. He seems to carry far beyond its proper limits the advice which Shakspeare's Hamlet gives to the player—"For in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." In the hands of the Italian actor the temperance so dominates over the whirlwind of passion that the presence of Signor Salvini never seems to be merged in that of Hamlet. In some passages, as in the answer to Polonius, "Parole, parole, e poi parole," the intonation and action are admirable in their mechanical execution, but excellence of this kind is ever marred by the self-consciousness of the actor. The same fault is observed in the scenes which precede that where the words just quoted occur; the heart of Hamlet's mystery is never reached through the means of thought and imagination; the physical gifts of the actor are relied upon to produce an effect. It is the activity displayed by Hamlet in starting back at the appearance of the Ghost, not the awe inspired by the spectre's presence, which is chiefly remarkable in the scene upon the platform. In the address to the Ghost Signor Salvini delivers the words "rege, padre, signor," as if the greatest force of appeal and passion were conveyed in the last; as many actors have done before him. It seems, however, natural that Hamlet should attach more importance to the title "father" in such a situation than to that of "Royal Dane," which is weakly enough rendered by "signor." In the scene on another part of the platform which follows this the actor keeps his face to the audience; if he could adequately represent the changing passions which should show themselves in Hamlet's countenance as he listens to the Ghost's story he would be wise in this. But a merely physical power of facial contortion is as little fitted for the portrayal of deep emotion as are the cries in falsetto to which the player here misapplies the resources of his voice. And there is assuredly no wisdom in removing every indication of Hamlet's wild passion after the Ghost has disappeared, and in omitting the speech with which the scene as Shakspeare wrote it is brought to an end.

In the following scene there is no trace, either in the words set down for the actor to speak or in his manner of speaking them, of Hamlet's irritation with Polonius, which is a somewhat important part of his character; and by the fact that the players do not enter an appearance upon the scene, the whole meaning of the speech "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I" is sacrificed. According to Signor Salvini's interpretation, the notion of employing the players to serve his ends seems to enter Hamlet's mind as soon as he hears of their arrival, and he exclaims "I benvenuti saran" with a burst of excitement and delight which is too sudden. In the effort of memory with which he repeats the lines concerning Jephthah and the Italian substitute for those which follow them to Polonius, there is much cleverness; but the thing, in itself unimportant, is elaborated overmuch. In the scene with Ophelia the appearance of cold-blooded self-command which disfigures the performance of Hamlet throughout is especially out of place, and gives an offensive aspect to the irony in which he deals. Upon

this scene, as has been already indicated, that of the play in the Italian version follows immediately, and in this occurs a curious piece of misplaced ingenuity in stage management. Horatio follows out so faithfully Hamlet's command to observe his uncle that he stands alone, far apart from the rest of the Court, and directly opposite to the King, in such a position that he cannot possibly see what passes on the mimic stage, but can and does fix his eyes most constantly upon Claudius. It is perhaps considered that, as much of Hamlet's own strangeness of behaviour is taken away from him, something of it ought to be transferred to his nearest friend. Signor Salvini's acting during this scene is distinguished by a singular ease and quietude; he sits at Ophelia's feet, holding some papers, which may be taken to be a copy of the play, and looking over them at intervals towards the King with a calm watchfulness which does not prepare one for the outbreak of violence with which, on the disappearance of the King, he flings the papers into the air and falls into Horatio's arms. Both these actions have been made by other actors of various nations, but they have come as a revelation to some English critics. The *Daily Telegraph* in particular has not only discovered that "the idea (of Hamlet's falling upon Horatio's neck) is beautifully conceived," but has further pointed out that "few who watched Hamlet's eager eyes . . . and noticed how the papers, tossed deliberately into the air, showered around . . . will forget the impression made." It was certainly a stroke of genius that the papers should "shower around" after they were tossed up. Of course one would expect them to fly up to the ceiling or remain in mid air. Another critic, it may be here mentioned, has made the astounding discovery that there is no warrant in Shakspeare's text for Hamlet's revelation, at the end of the interview with his mother, of his madness being feigned, which is retained in the Italian version. That there is no such warrant in the acting edition of *Hamlet* is true; but the critic who descants on the text of Shakspeare should be aware that the acting edition is not the only one in existence. It has been already said that the scene with the recorders is left out; why, this being so, Hamlet's call for them should be retained it is difficult to imagine. The scene in which Hamlet finds the King at his prayers is retained; the deliberate manner in which Signor Salvini's Prince reasons with himself for and against the advisableness of seizing the moment to kill his uncle belongs more to Amlethus, the cunning ruffian of Saxo Grammaticus's history, than to the Hamlet of Shakspeare. The reliance upon physical effect which belongs to Signor Salvini's method of acting is observed in the scene between Hamlet and his mother; there is no real emotion in his converse with the Queen; and the kiss which he blows to his father's picture, present only to his imagination, is a weak expression of the passionate memories which fill Hamlet's mind. The start backwards at the appearance of the Ghost is, however, executed with an admirable precision; and there is one speech, the last but one of Hamlet in this scene, which, as far as intonation and gesture go, could hardly be better delivered; but the feeling which should direct action and voice is here, as elsewhere, absent. Of the scenes concerning the fate of Polonius, and that with the gravedigger, for there is only one, nothing can be said except that they are entirely wanting in humour. One would think that Signor Salvini, with his strength of voice and muscle, might produce an overpowering effect in the struggle and outcry with Laertes; but Signor Salvini proposes to fight, to fast, to tear himself, as if it were the most ordinary and dispassionate proceeding in the world. The last scene is remarkable for another piece of mistaken ingenuity in stage management. Signor Salvini avoids the difficulty of the stage direction, "In scuffling they change rapiers" by making no scuffle at all. Hamlet suddenly feels himself wounded, and placing his hand on his side, observes that he bleeds. The treachery of Laertes flashes upon him, and he resolves to meet it with a counterplot. He affects indifference, and presently disarms Laertes, after which, with a meaning smile and a bow, he offers him his own foil. The cold craft with which the trick is conceived and executed is far removed from the character of Hamlet, but not further than is the whole impersonation of the Italian tragedian. His performance is also disfigured by a trick of literally illustrating the word by the action; thus, when Hamlet replies to Horatio's question, "Con gli occhi dell' alma mia," at the word *occhi* he puts his hands to his eyes and at *alma* on his breast.

It remains to add that the level of the rest of the performance of the Italian version of *Hamlet* is excellent, and that it would be difficult to surpass Signora Giovagnoli's rendering of Ophelia's mad scene. The wandering of the eye, the mixture of reason and madness in the sorrow for her father, the sudden change from tears to a laugh which has in it the music of despair, the concentration of passion in the beckoning hand—all these she renders with deep emotion and infinite grace. She gives reality to the words of Laertes, "Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, she turns to favour and to prettiness." It is a pity that a fine piece of acting should be ended with the common device of a shriek, which is unworthy of what precedes it.

#### THE THEATRES.

AMONG the "new and original comedies" of the day Mr. Albery's play, the *Spendsrift*, deserves honourable mention. Whether the incidents of this play have been contrived by the



author or borrowed from some earlier writer is of little moment. It suffices if a play has been constructed which excites and sustains interest, and we may be sure that of the persons who go to see this play not one in a thousand will ever look into the older plays from which it is suggested that Mr. Albery derived his plot. Indeed the public is so much accustomed to receive every kind of knowledge at second-hand that it would be odd if it took the trouble to read old plays for itself. It gets its notion of a Parliamentary debate from a leading article, and of a book from a review, and it will be quite content to know no more of *Lope de Vega* or *Mrs. Behn* than can be learned from Mr. Albery. It is perhaps surprising, when we consider how much material of this kind exists, that modern playwrights do not produce more interesting pieces. By throwing back the period of a play by one or two centuries, the dress and upholstery department of the management gains in variety, and something is also gained for dramatic art by obliging actors and actresses to attempt to assume the carriage and manners of bygone times. It must not be supposed that Mr. Albery has produced a mere adaptation of any existing play. On the contrary, one might almost say that his composition is too much his own. It seems to be thought by some who have seen this piece that, if there were rather less of original and generally clever writing, and rather more of that which is the common property of all dramatists, the play would be for stage purposes more successful. It is complained that the characters stop to talk when they should go on acting; but if the talk be good, its abundance is a fault we can readily forgive. It may be remarked that at the Olympic Theatre the tendency is to give the audience full measure for their money. Mr. Oxenford's adaptation of *Les Orphelins*, which ran from the beginning of the season until last week, was in six acts, but the success of this piece seems to prove that it was not too long. It is possible that the *Spendthrift's* prodigality of time may be similarly justified, although we think that some scenes are slightly burdened by ingenious loquacity.

The character of the impoverished gentleman, Jack Burleigh, is well fitted to Mr. Neville, and the tipsy, cowardly baronet, Sir Howard Jelly, is amusingly acted by Mr. Anson. The incident of Sir Howard being taken home drunk to the wrong house by Burleigh produces the most laughable scene of the play, and it would be superfluous to discuss the originality either of this scene or of the tipsy "business" of Mr. Anson. When a wig-block was a common article of furniture, the idea was obvious that a drunken man might mistake it for a person maintaining an offensive fixity of look. The earlier scene in which the learned astrologer, Dr. Cramp, is terrified by a prediction of his own death, might easily suggest itself to a composer of burlesque or pantomime, who might, however, be utterly incapable of the pleasant banter which the philosopher's friends bestow on him when he fails to imitate Dr. Faustus by dying according to calculation. The first meeting between the heiress Deborah Strickett and Burleigh is well managed, and they exchange a good many smart sayings without our feeling that the scene is unreasonably protracted. In real life a conversation under such circumstances would be quite as long and not nearly so lively. But when the scene changes to Deborah's home, and her nurse, Mrs. Daws, begins to talk, we become sensible that this author's cleverness can be sometimes too much for himself as well as for his audience. The nurse of Shakespeare talks like a nurse, whereas the nurse of Mr. Albery talks like Mr. Albery. However, it is not a common fault of modern dramatists to have too many good things to say, and if, in making all his characters as witty as he can, this author is unlike Shakespeare, it must be allowed that he resembles Sheridan. Being comparatively a new author, he does not yet venture to assume the responsibility under which an experienced dramatist moves lightly.

Mr. Byron, besides *Our Boys*, which is still running at the Vaudeville, has lately supplied a new comedy, which he calls *Weak Woman*, for the Strand Theatre. He wrote the last play that was presented at that house, and very likely he will write the next, and we would just as soon see one of the series as another. There is not much more novelty in the comedies than in the burlesques at the Strand Theatre. We are assured, however, that the scenery and dresses as well as the comedy at this house are new, and perhaps there is overmuch truth in the remark made by one of the characters that he owes everything to his tailor. In the dearth of really good new dramas Mr. Sothorn at the Haymarket Theatre is probably well advised in keeping to his old round of parts, and as the whole of England now comes habitually to London, it is hardly possible to run a favourite piece too long. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre the manager, after an unfortunate experiment, has reverted to a safe line of business in *Money*. It may be surmised from the course of management at this house that the "new and original comedies" of the period are not regarded as lucrative investments.

The Mirror Theatre, as it is now called, in Holborn, may perhaps change its fortune with its name. There is ample room for Mr. Horace Wigan, the new manager, to improve upon the successes of his predecessors, and certainly he appears to prosper, and by means which are likely to continue to attract, as he now does, the most numerous class of the population. The *Detective* affords to Mr. Wigan an opportunity of repeating a clever but rather too well-known performance. The belief of the public in the skill of detectives still suffices to make any modern play containing an inscrutable and ubiquitous policeman successful, although that belief

sustains rude shocks in the experiences of actual life. One is reminded of the discussion of the question whether animals could talk:—

'Tis plain that they were always able  
To hold discourse, at least in fable.

This play contains a burglary and murder in the first act, a terrific combat in the second, a burglary in the last act, and sentimental and pathetic passages throughout. A young gentleman comes late at night to his mother's villa at St. John's Wood to ask her for money. On the same night the old lady is murdered, and a young lady who is her companion is stabbed; and the young gentleman is arrested by Inspector Walker as the guilty person, and carried before a magistrate, who discharges him. The worst that can be proved against him is that he is making love to two girls at the same time, and this appears, not from any evidence given in the police-court, but from an explanation between the two young ladies, who take possession of Inspector Walker's office for their interview. The Inspector in this part of the play looks, like some other public officers, much wiser than he is. The young lady who does most of the sentimental business has been stabbed and gone into a delirious fit, in which she charges her fickle lover with having killed his mother and wounded her. Inspector Walker accepts her frenzied utterance as truth, and believes for the time that the work of an experienced and desperate criminal, known as *Savage Mike*, was done by a nice young man, whose worst faults are that he spends money and makes love indiscriminately. But here the skill of the authors of the play is shown. The first blunder of Inspector Walker heightens by contrast our admiration of the sagacity, coolness, courage, and resource which he afterwards displays. He captures *Savage Mike*, and procures hanging evidence against him, and he does this in spite of the assistance of the nice young man and the sentimental young lady, who enlist as amateur detectives under his direction. The young lady reminds us of those distressing heroines of Miss Braddon who have "a purpose in life"—the discovery of a murder; and she goes where even Miss Braddon might have hesitated to take her—to a tavern in Ratcliffe Highway, and sings nightly for the amusement of the company. The nice young man is also at this tavern, to assist in some mysterious manner the operations of Inspector Walker, and he finds both his engagements and those of the young lady compatible with the interchange of high-flown sentiments and the use of impassioned gestures, which spectators whose critical faculty is mitigated by pipes and grog are perhaps capable of regarding as part of the performances of the evening. The terrific combat came off in the previous act, where Inspector Walker first visits the quarters of *Savage Mike* upon Hampton racecourse; and as this cave of harmony in Ratcliffe Highway is also a haunt of the same formidable character, we do not know but that another and more terrific combat may begin perhaps at the very moment when the lovers are exchanging confidences in the public room. However, the only contest between the Inspector and Mike in this act is in speaking French, which is necessary to the disguise which they have both assumed. But in the previous act, which transacts itself in the interior of a booth at Hampton Races, the Inspector, who has been disguised as an Irishman, carries a shillelagh. *Savage Mike* draws a knife, and the amateur detective also draws a knife, and it might be hastily assumed that a triangular duel was going to take place. The spectators, however, ought to know, although Mike does not, that the Inspector and the amateur detective, while pretending hostility, are confederates. It is to be feared that neither the outside nor the inside of any actual booth at Hampton Races will offer anything like the attraction of a combat with knives such as is represented at the Mirror Theatre. It is rather hard upon what used to be called the "fancy" that the authors of this play assume as a matter of course that pugilists are habitually burglars and occasionally murderers, but even a more cruel insult to the "noble art" is the representation of its professors as resorting to the "use of the knife," for which we have been often told that boxing was a substitute. It would be vain to deny that a play is interesting when a young lady is stabbed in the first act, and men fight with knives in the second. It must be owned that native actors handle knives and daggers awkwardly, while spectators are for the most part unappreciative of skill or the want of it. We fear indeed that Signor Salvini has gained little credit by the scientific manner in which he uses the dagger of the East to kill himself in *Othello*, and if he used a carving-knife few persons would observe the difference. With the theatrical public generally it suffices to produce, as is done at the Mirror Theatre, an impression that everybody on the stage carries a knife and is ready to stab or cut the throat of everybody else at a moment's notice. The detective who coolly follows the trail of investigation under these disturbing circumstances is almost the only sort of stage hero that is still believed in, and perhaps even he would be only half believed in further west. But at the Mirror Theatre it really seems as if the audience, or part of it, grows excited over the adventures of Inspector Walker, and apprehends that murder may be done in the "Lions' Den" at Hampton Races. There will, no doubt, be plenty of dens occupied by predatory animals at that meeting, but they will content themselves with the money and will not take the lives of their victims.

## REVIEWS.

## CURTEIS'S HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.\*

IT always takes a little time to stop and think to which series of handbooks any book of this class belongs. Mr. Curteis's book belongs to the series of "Historical Handbooks" edited by Mr. Oscar Browning and published by Messrs. Rivington. It may give a clearer idea if we say that it is not the series to which Mr. Gardiner's *Thirty Years' War* belongs, but that it is the series for which Mr. Jebb has a volume on the Supremacy of Athens "in preparation." Mr. Curteis's book seems to be the first strictly narrative volume of the series. The other two which are advertised as already published are Mr. P. V. Smith's *History of the English Institutions*, which we reviewed early in the present year, and a *History of French Literature*. Mr. Curteis then makes the start as far as history proper is concerned. But his is not the earliest member of the series in point of time. Besides Mr. Jebb's book, one is advertised on *The Roman Revolution*—rather a claptrap title—from B.C. 133 to the *Battle of Actium*, by Mr. Pelham, of Exeter College, a new name, as far as we are aware. So are most of the names on Messrs. Rivington's list, except that Mr. C. H. Pearson has something to say about English History in the Fourteenth Century. The labour which Mr. Pearson may give to that period will not be thrown away if, in the course of it, he finds out who was the first French Dauphin.

Mr. Curteis's book shows us the merits and defects of this system of handbooks of periods as distinguished from handbooks or primers which attempt to tell the whole history of the nation in a short space. Mr. Curteis can give as much space to four hundred years, some of his colleagues can give the same space to much shorter periods, as, according to the other system, can be given to the whole history of a nation, or perhaps to the whole history of the civilized world. It follows then that the writers of these handbooks can tell their story much more at length, that they have much more room for comment, for personal portraiture, and for picturesque incident, than the writers who follow the other method. But it does not therefore follow that the books in the series published by Messrs. Longman and Messrs. Rivington are clearer or more instructive than the series published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. Each would seem to have its own work, the general series first, and the books of periods afterwards; but the books of periods by themselves are rather like a building without a foundation. This applies still more to such a period as that chosen by Mr. Curteis than it does to such a period as that chosen by Mr. Gardiner. The *Thirty Years' War* is a subject which may in some sort stand by itself. It is a drama with a beginning, middle, and ending. It of course cannot be understood by those who know nothing whatever of the times which went before it. Still a piece of history of this kind, which has an unity in itself, is different from a mere period in the sense of so many centuries cut off from those before them. Now we do not say that Mr. Curteis's period, from the death of Theodosius to the accession of Charles, is merely four centuries taken arbitrarily and at random. It is nothing of the kind. We can see a reason for beginning and ending, though we should have liked the beginning a little earlier, at these particular points. Mr. Curteis tells us that his book is meant as a contribution to the unity of history, that it is designed as another blow to the meaningless distinction of ancient and modern, that it is meant to bridge over a gap where the gap is made only by a vicious method of looking at things. In all this Mr. Curteis has got hold of the right idea, and we thankfully welcome him as a helper. Still there is something rather queer in beginning the book with the death of Theodosius. Of course a great and elaborate history is another matter. Gibbon or Finlay or Milman did not write for people who knew nothing whatever of the times before their own special times. They wrote for people who had already some general notion of the world's history, but who wished to study certain parts of it in greater detail. The case of a book like this, a member of an educational series, is different. If a book of such a series is to begin with the death of Theodosius, it should at least have forerunners to deal with that large part of Roman history which comes before the death of Theodosius. But here is Mr. Curteis's book, from Theodosius to Charles, appearing as the first Roman member of its own series, while the only other Roman book which is even promised is the one which is to reach from the Gracchi to Augustus. A boy, or any other reader, will get a very queer notion of Roman history, if he first reads from Theodosius to Charles, and then from the Gracchi to Augustus, and leaves out all the earlier and intervening times. Mr. Curteis himself evidently sees this, for though he dashes off at once with telling us of the death of Theodosius, he goes back to give some account of the earlier Imperial system, and then further back again to speak of the origin of Roman law, of its connexion with other Aryan institutions, and presently of the Aryan dispersion itself. Now these are all things of which the reader ought to know something, and of which under the other system he would know something, before he came to read of Theodosius and his successors, even in such detail as Mr. Curteis's space allows him to

speak. The four centuries chosen by Mr. Curteis deal with a very important stage, or rather with several very important stages, of the history of the Roman power. They might very well form a separate member in a continuous Roman series; but we cannot see the exact end which they are to serve when put forth in a series like this, apart from all other periods of Roman history.

All this, if we are right in looking on it as a fault, is the fault of the series, and in no way personally touches Mr. Curteis. But we think that the book suffers somewhat from its having originally taken the form of lectures to the boys of Sherborne School, where Mr. Curteis is a master. Now lectures have their use, and there are cases in which reprinted lectures make useful books. A lecture has its use, either as a mere incentive to study, as something which points out what there is to learn, and the way of learning it; or it has its use again as a comment on what is already learned. But the lecture does not seem a good form for the actual process of learning, at all events on subjects which, like history, take a narrative form. We feel sure that some parts of Mr. Curteis's book would have been different both in matter and manner, if he had never lectured on the period to the Sherborne boys, or if he had laid aside all remembrance of his lectures when he came to write his narrative. The style is sometimes, to our mind, a little too high-flown for a narrative of this kind, even when it would not have been at all too high-flown for a spoken lecture. Then again, we feel sure that the long account of St. John Chrysostom is owing to the previous fact of the lectures. When a man began in a spoken lecture to talk on a subject so full of stirring incident as the life of the great preacher, it must have been indeed hard to leave off; but the result is that John Chrysostom fills a space in the book which is quite disproportionate in a History of the Roman Empire between Theodosius and Charles. The Archbishop gets thirty-six pages, while Theodoric gets less than ten, and Justinian, at the outside, twenty-seven. It is clear that Mr. Curteis was taken with the personal story of Chrysostom, for he does not, as a rule, give at all the same space to ecclesiastical matters.

As to the book itself, Mr. Curteis has, we think, got as firm a grasp of his period as any one is likely to get who, by his own account, has gone to hardly any original writer but Eginhard. This again we think a mistake. A man might give very useful lectures in a school who got his knowledge of the time almost wholly from the most trustworthy modern writers, but when it comes to writing a narrative history the case is different. We do not say that, in a book of this kind, whose subject runs out in so many different directions, a man is bound to write every word from original authorities. But we do say that he ought to do as Mr. Gardiner tells us that he did. Though Mr. Gardiner wrote a large part of his *Thirty Years' War* only from the best modern writers, yet he had thoroughly mastered some parts of his story in the original records, and he had thus gained the power of using secondary writers for the other parts. And there is hardly any time in which knowledge of the original writers is more necessary than in Mr. Curteis's time. To take one class of cases, nothing is more instructive, in the time of transition from Paganism to Christianity, than to mark the various shades of position which different writers take with regard to Christianity. Ammianus, Claudian, Zosimos, Boetius, Prokopios, each has a way of speaking, or not speaking, of his own. Delicate shades of this kind can be understood only by reading the writers themselves. No summary, no comment, no translation, will do.

Mr. Curteis has thus laboured under several disadvantages in his work. But we think that he has, on the whole, written as good a book as could have been written under those disadvantages. Every blow given to the middle wall of partition which is against us, to the meaningless division of ancient and modern, is something to be thankful for. So many books still encourage the dream of a Roman Empire which ended in 476 that we welcome every one who helps to lay the axe to the root of that rotten tree. But Mr. Curteis somewhat spoils his good work by still sticking to the old fable which makes Theodoric call himself King of Italy. And we do not know why, for "the overthrow of the Western Empire" Mr. Curteis substitutes "The change of Government," put within inverted commas as though it were a technical phrase. Where did Mr. Curteis find it? Mr. Curteis is over fond of bringing in French words, and we have marked some slips in details. For instance, he speaks of the "Christian Theodosius" warring with the "pagan Maximus." At the time of the war between Theodosius and Maximus, Maximus was, as St. Martin could tell the tale, so orthodox a Christian as to be the first sovereign who put men to death for heresy. Mr. Curteis's account of Alboin and Rosamund also reads queerly, and there are other things of the same kind here and there. But we can forgive a good deal to one who goes right in the teeth of vulgar confusions, and who does not pretend to more learning than he really has. Mr. Curteis has still something to learn; but there are many who might learn a great deal from him. There is, for example, the critic of the *Times*, who, in reviewing Mr. Marshall's *International Vanities*, remarks, with such charming simplicity, "It seems strange that no one should have thought of claiming the designation of Emperor between the fall of the Western Empire and the rise of Charlemagne." For such a one we cannot prescribe any better medicine than half-a-year spent in the lowest form which comes under Mr. Curteis's teaching at Sherborne.

\* *History of the Roman Empire from the Death of Theodosius the Great to the Coronation of Charles the Great, A.D. 395-800.* By Arthur M. Curteis, M.A. With Maps. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1875.



## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. FLETCHER.\*

THE reading world encourages at this day a class of biography which we must suppose would not have found favour years back, or the volumes before us would have been published long ago, while interest in the subject was still fresh, and personal friends were full of curiosity and sympathy. The memorial of Mrs. Augustus Hare's "quiet life" has been followed by other memorials of women whose claim to distinction is not founded on any public achievement—women who thought, and communicated their thoughts to a few correspondents, or who used their pens in other unpretending ways, or played their part well in ordinary social life, but who fill a more prominent place when set in a fitting light by biography than ever they did while living, beyond their own immediate circle of friends. If this "quiet" sisterhood awaken sympathy in readers hitherto strangers to their names, it may well have been felt that the time has come to rescue from the gathering forgetfulness that once seemed inevitable a name certainly not suggestive of quiet, however many other feminine graces it may have represented, and to set the very genius of Whiggery before a generation to whom politics are no longer an inspiration and the absorbing interest of life.

The seventeen years' delay in publication in this instance is more a disadvantage than is often the case. Mrs. Fletcher was a *presence*. All her distinctions were personal—beauty of person, dignity and grace of manner, eloquence of voice and speech, and an enthusiasm which acted upon all who came within sight and sound of her extraordinary attraction. We are given to understand the existence of these singular gifts, but there is no one to describe them or to raise in our minds an image of their possessor. Dying at eighty-eight, she outlived all her contemporaries, all who had experienced her prime of fascination; and autobiography, so excellent a method of telling us what is inside a man, what he is made of, is a very backhanded means of making us acquainted with the impression which his *tout ensemble* makes upon others. Moreover, this particular autobiography was written when the author was not far from seventy, and a good old woman does not enlarge on her own beauty and social successes and triumphs. Probably at no time had she any particular felicity of style; her pen was a ready instrument, and letter-writing a regular part of her busy day; but her weight lay in the incommunicable charm of energy and sweetness combined. We must presume that every acquaintance who shared her views was eager for her sympathy and inspired by her enthusiasm; but it is by inference rather than through effective portraiture that we learn this. Of the fact that she was a central figure in Edinburgh society at its most brilliant period the reader was already aware; a name lingers when all that gave it individuality has passed out of the general memory.

What distinguishes this record from most biographies is its tone of cheerfulness and success. In saying that Mrs. Fletcher was aided by circumstances to make the most of this life we mean no reflection on her preparation and fitness for a better. But we are struck from the first page to the last with the good fortune that attended her career. Some troubles she had, but she was fortunate in all the conditions that first developed, and afterwards presented a theatre for, her remarkable gifts. Of course what was good fortune in her case might have proved the reverse to a less genial, sanguine, and generous nature; but the circumstances under which she was trained and in which she lived suited her so remarkably that opposite ones, must, we think, have checked and quelled the qualities that constituted her power. From infancy she was surrounded by a prestige which most princesses never enjoy through their whole life. She lost her mother at her birth only to awaken the maternal instinct in everybody about her. She was, as she says, wholly governed by the law of kindness. While she was living retired in the healthy freedom of a Yorkshire village among homely people and surroundings, a highly educated and clever woman was brought through her own romantic misfortunes to settle close at hand, and to find in the beautiful and intelligent child her one occupation and interest. From six years old she was the pride and the companion of her elders. The docility as well as enthusiasm with which she imbibed her father's politics sets the reader speculating whether, if he had been Tory instead of Whig, her principles would have received a contrary bias as readily, whether the divine right of kings might have taken place of the rights of man; but we believe that Liberalism was in her nature. Her political principles being what they were, it was well that she had a sensible husband who could guide her, while his sympathies furnished her with the fitting stage for the play of her genius and attractions. Certainly we regard it as a crowning piece of good fortune that she was born and lived in the British Isles, and could exhale her ideas and aspirations in a safe atmosphere. As a Frenchwoman she must have been one of the heroines of the Revolution, and would have early met the fate of such heroines. Something of this feeling seems to prompt the following recognition of the power that a multitude had on her. It was written after George IV.'s visit to Edinburgh:—

Mrs. Grant of Laggan, a great lover of kings, was of our party. The good old lady had, for this joyous occasion, put off her habitual black dress, and robed herself in a salmon-coloured satin, and with the rest of the party waved her handkerchief as the King appeared. They had all a good laugh at my expense, who, somewhat notorious for being no lover of kings, was

actually detected shedding tears and waving my handkerchief "like the lave" as the pageant passed. The fact is, I have always found the sight and cheer of a multitude when animated by one kindly or patriotic feeling quite irresistible in its power to command my sympathy and make me weep; and for the time it is an exciting and pleasurable feeling. I have never seen a multitude mischievously assembled or disposed to evil, and hope the inextinguishable emotion I have acknowledged would not lead me to follow "a multitude in doing evil."

Another element in her character which contributed to her success was the absence of certain qualities that commonly go along with general consideration from others. She was not fastidious. She says so of herself; her daughter hints at it as though it might even have been felt in her family as a jar to other temperaments. She was not satirical, and owns to "no quick perception of the ludicrous." Thus we see that in her *salon* people of different habits and training would feel safe and at ease. She was naturally a talker—"the joy of seeing is to tell" being a favourite quotation with her—and beautiful and clever women always find willing and admiring listeners. She herself confesses to an early love of display, too great a desire for general approbation and a temper too easily provoked to momentary anger; but these are inevitable—if the first two are not indispensable—conditions of a life in public, which a life of society and a constant succession of new acquaintances may be called. Mere benevolence never could sustain the fatigue and wear and tear of spirit of such a life. And yet benevolence was with her a very active principle. One of her friends, Dr. Kilvington, wrote to her (and her daughter, looking back, claims it as a true and well-merited testimony), "I have known as beautiful, as attractive, and more witty young women, but I have never known any one so tenderly and truly and universally beloved as you are, and I believe it arises from your capacity of loving others."

Throughout the whole of her life politics were its absorbing interest, and as parties ran high and were very ready to fasten on the holders of an opinion all its logical consequences, there were people who did not trust in this capacity of loving. After the excesses of the French Revolution it was generally believed that Mrs. Fletcher had provided herself with a small guillotine, and exercised the same in beheading poultry, rats, and mice in order to be expert when "French principles" should prevail in Britain. Yet she always had Tory friends of both sexes; and it should be noted, in evidence of her real largeness of heart and purity of nature, that she was peculiarly open to female friendships, and was on loving terms of intimacy with the most distinguished literary woman of the day—with the exception, we should say, of Hannah More, with whom she contrived to fall foul in girlhood on taking up the cause of a discarded *protégée* whom she thought unjustly treated.

When we regretted the absence of some contemporary testimony to Mrs. Fletcher's attractions, we did not perhaps do justice to her husband's record of the sudden impression which her charms made upon him. Partly the date when it was written, and partly his own age when writing, have given to his narrative a formality not in accordance with the modern notion of a lover's transports. When he was forty-three years of age and she seventeen, a friend travelling with him from Edinburgh to London in the cause of Scotch Burgh Reform introduced him to her home at Oxtou, near Tadcaster. At that time Mr. Fletcher describes himself to have been entirely in love with Fielding's heroine Sophia Western. This passion possessed him to the exclusion of all other interest in womankind, and he regarded the interruption of a visit at a Yorkshire village in no favourable light. Before the end of the evening, however, Miss Eliza Dawson gradually unfolded herself:—"I discovered in a beautiful form an elegance of mind and sentiment, and an easy gracefulness of manner which I thought were not natural to the little village of Oxtou." "When breakfast (next morning) was over, and I took a view of Eliza's form, manner, and conversation, the character of Sophia Western instantly flashed on my mind. The resemblance was in every feature striking." "If I had found brilliants in the wild and rugged mountains among which I first drew breath, I could not have been more surprised and delighted than I was by meeting such a person as Eliza." "Fielding," said I, "you have drawn your heroine it must be confessed with a fine pencil, but here is in real life, at a little country village, a character every way equal, in some respects far superior," &c. &c. Such beauty had not been without suitors, but the admiration and the politics—"abstractedly he admired Republicanism"—of the Scotch advocate carried the day. In the year she came of age (1791) she married him without her father's willing consent, though he lived to acquiesce fully in a union happy in all its circumstances.

Most persons taking up a volume of biography where the subject has no commanding personal claims instinctively turn over the pages in search of names more eminent or familiar. In fact, in proportion as such names abound are the chances of the success of the volume with the majority of readers. The search in this case is rewarded. Mrs. Fletcher came in contact with all the leaders of the Liberal party, was a friend of the Scotch Whig celebrities of her day, and was welcomed to the intimacy of many who did not share her politics, as Wordsworth and Southey. But she was too leading a person in society herself, took too active a share in every conversation she mentions, talked with everybody on too equal terms, to be a good describer. We do not, therefore, learn much that is new or especially characteristic of persons in her intimacy—Mazzini, with whom she established a warm friendship on his first coming to England, being perhaps an exception. We gather that whenever she went she received a distinguished welcome, that all looked to her for sympathy in their joys and sorrows. Campbell appeals

\* *Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher*. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1875.

at once to her, not without hope of redress through her means, when the *Quarterly Review* deals hardly with his *Theodoric*. The poet Crabbe takes refuge at her house from the bustle of Walter Scott's loyal festivities, for a quiet talk about old times. Lord Erskine entertains her with a fund of amusing political anecdote, and sits a long time. Cullen calls to propose that he should bring John Cam Hobhouse to dinner, "thinking the addition of this ultra Whig would be agreeable." Brougham and she were great friends; he talked politics as she liked to hear them talked, "quite different from our Edinburgh Whigs. There is no affected indifference on subjects of vital importance, no contemptuous sneer at rational conversation." Lord Jeffrey writes to her:—"My ever dear Mrs. Fletcher, It always makes me happier and better to get a letter from you, for it makes me think more favourably of our common nature." She was in company with Mr. Carlyle when the astounding news reached them of the French Revolution of 1848, and of the people crying "Vive la Republique!" in the streets; and of him she does give a characteristic trait:—"I looked at him, hoping he would speak. He said not a word, but broke into a loud laugh, and rose and left the house to devour the journals." Of Miss Edgeworth she is more critical than is her wont:—

Miss Edgeworth's personal appearance was not attractive; but her vivacity, good humour, and cleverness in conversation quite equalled my expectations. I should say she was more sprightly and brilliant than refined. She excelled in the raciness of Irish humour; but the great defect of her manner, as it seemed to me, was an excess of compliment, or what is in Ireland called "blarney," and in one who had moved in the best circles, both as to manners and mind, it surprised me not a little. She repelled all approach to intimacy on my part by the excess of her complimentary reception of me when we were first introduced to each other at Mr. Alison's. I never felt confidence in the reality of what she said afterwards.

It might be that her appearance really hit the fancy of the novelist, and that Miss Edgeworth was more sincere than she got credit for. Incidentally we gather what response her peculiarly sympathetic nature awoke in others. On the occasion of the first Edinburgh election after the passing of the Reform Bill, excited by joy at Jeffrey's success, Lord Cockburn rushed into the room where a bevy of ladies were witnessing the triumph, "and looking round the crowd of Whig ladies and girls, called out, 'Where's Mrs. Fletcher? she's the woman I want'; and when my mother," writes the daughter, "came from the window and met him, they clasped one another's hands, and had a good 'greet' together." We have called Mrs. Fletcher fortunate; and the fact that at sixty years of age or more she should have become such scenes, that her person should still have done justice to the energy and enthusiasm of her mind, must certainly be reckoned an instance to the point. At this age Mrs. John Penrose (the Mrs. Markham of school history), thus describes her:—

We had the great gratification of a visit of two days from Mrs. Fletcher; her appearance is so engaging that the mere looking at her is itself a pleasure. In her youth she was brilliantly beautiful (she is almost sixty); she retains so much symmetry of feature, so much fine expression of countenance, and so much grace of deportment, such a gentleness of manner, with such an expression of goodness, as make her absolutely lovely. She is fat rather than thin, and her beauty is matured rather than faded. Her conversation is delightful, full of variety and anecdote. She is an enthusiast in politics, and on what is called the liberal side, but there is such a feminineness in all she says and does, that even her politics could not alloy the charm of her agreeableness. She has a most extensive acquaintance with literary persons, and her conversation is a stream of lively anecdote, continually flowing.

We suspect that nothing short of these personal attractions will ever make female politicians generally popular, so it is as well that the conditions should be understood of one conspicuous example of universal favour. The passion stood by Mrs. Fletcher to the last. At eighty-two she writes *à propos* of the *coup d'état* to Mrs. Arnold, "I dare not trust myself to speak of France"; and at eighty-five "Arthur Stanley" leaves her with what she calls a drop of comfort, in the prophecy that Lord John will come in again. But she had a heart large enough for both public and private interests. Her home affections were at least as warm as her politics. She could care for nothing by halves. It is noteworthy too that politics were much more a woman's question in Mrs. Fletcher's day than they are now. There were female Tories as intense and zealous in their creed as she was in her revolutionary ideas, who would have thought it quite as shocking and unnatural to marry a Whig as she would have thought it to marry a Tory. It has been one of the consequences of the Reform Bill to remove politics with us out of the romantic stage, and, as it is through party contests near home that the young first learn to care vehemently for public matters, interest in all such subjects has cooled down. Party prejudices and antipathies had their dark side, but no one can see the effect on a young mind of strong feeling in matters that only concern it as part of the great human family, without recognizing in that feeling an enlarging influence on the intellect. It elevates the mind to have a zeal for blue or yellow, however unintelligent may be the perception of the moral differences represented by those colours, rather than to have no interests at all separate from self, its narrow hopes and petty cares and solitudes, which is sometimes the condition of those shut out by their training, or who boastfully shut themselves out, from the great questions that stir the world.

## THE MOLTKE NARRATIVE OF SEDAN.\*

(Second Notice.)

IT will be seen from what was said in a former article of the preparations for the battle of Sedan, that the defensive position taken up by the French was altogether exceptional in form. It resembled roughly the letter U; the lines described as formed by Douay on the west, and by Lebrun and Ducrot on the east, representing the two sides, the fortress filling up the curve at the foot of the letter, and Wimpfen's corps being in the middle of the hollow space, whilst the northern side towards Belgium was left open. The complete and, as we may now unhesitatingly call it, very blamable, quiescence of MacMahon having allowed the Germans during the night and early morning to develop a superior front of attack on both flanks, and to use the Bavarian corps for occupying the French troops about Sedan, this position became that in which the battle was chiefly fought, so far as it was really fought at all in a strict sense. It is true that Ducrot, to whom MacMahon when wounded assigned his command, made preparations for withdrawing by the one road which at that hour was still open to Mézières. But Wimpfen, who was under an entire delusion as to the real danger of the situation, as soon as he got the notice of this retreat, stepped forward from his corps with his legal claim to take charge, and held the troops where they were. The personal discussion which arose between these generals we have treated on a previous occasion, and we must pass it by here, merely repeating the remark that no unprejudiced military man will admit that Wimpfen, after once tacitly allowing his seniority to be disregarded at the Marshal's wish, had any right to produce at a later hour the dormant commission placing himself in MacMahon's vacant post, because he chanced to be dissatisfied with the tactics of the officer whom he had permitted to supersede him. Such conduct was as contrary to common sense as to sound soldierly principles; and it is only necessary to state it clearly to condemn it. Evidently, however, the immediate effect on the French of this change of views and commanders must have been an additional source of weakness. Ordered to fall back as soon as they knew their favourite chief to be wounded, and again almost immediately afterwards directed to advance by a commander whose very name was strange to the army, it is probable that the uncertainty was a more potent cause of the demoralization that grew on them increasingly that fatal morning than has ever been admitted. Those who study the inner history of such a battle as that of Sedan should bear constantly in mind that the most active of all ingredients in great military successes and disasters is one often overlooked by historians—namely, the will of the private soldier. A very small impulse could have been needed that morning to turn this fatally to the disadvantage of the French, and it is probable enough that if their morale had not been seriously shaken before, it would have given way under this new test thrown on it almost at the very opening of a general action.

Placed as the luckless Army of Chalons has been described, it was evidently at a peculiar disadvantage for defence. And that for more than one obvious reason. In the first place, the fire that missed the lines searched the very limited space between them, and, if not seriously damaging, would certainly affect the tenacity of the reserves posted there. For few things are more trying to the nerves of troops than to be raked by the shells of an unseen foe over the heads of their own line of battle, which thus seems powerless to check either the fire or the advance which it announces. But in addition to this evil there was one more peculiar to the strange position held by the French at Sedan; and that was the effect of the flight of fugitives on those in rear. In an ordinary general action there is always some petty panic here and there behind a great position that has to be defended; but those that fly soon stream out of sight, and, if not carrying others with them on the way, do comparatively little harm to the mass. At Sedan every man that retired without orders fell back into the space shown in the middle of our U, and, being unable to get out of it, became a source of contamination and danger to others. The very first movement rearward of any part of the line, however apparently orderly, would send off a little cloud of stragglers dropping into Wimpfen's position, or spreading panic inside Sedan itself, or, worse still, in a vain attempt to make a personal escape for themselves, crossing the position till they came on the rear of that other line which had stood back to back to their own, and so communicating their own fears and indiscipline to those reserves on whom the commander of the line was to call for help in his need. And, if this be true of individuals, how much more would the retreat *en masse* of any part of either line be fatal, not merely to its own side of the battle, but to the other? And the Germans, it must be remembered, were attacking from the first with all the vigour inspired by recent success, and the feeling of superior strength.

One more important element in the sort of running victory which the Germans made of the battle after the first two or three hours remains to be noticed; the superior power of their artillery, or rather the special effect on this occasion of its percussion shells. German artillerymen would hardly like to calculate the proportion of those missiles that were wasted at Spicheren, Woerth, Mars-la-Tour, but above all at Gravelotte, by flying over the heads of the enemy as he lined his ridges. Let us illustrate this by a crucial instance, the defence of St. Privat by Canrobert. Something has been said by

\* Der deutsch-französische Krieg 1870-71, von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des Grossen Generalstabes. 1<sup>ster</sup> Theil, Heft 8. Mittler: Berlin.



careful observers examining the spot soon after, of the numbers of French apparently struck down even when crouching behind the low stone walls. And in a sense the remark is true. Yet the whole of the losses thus incurred by the defenders were but a very few hundreds; and we know from Captain Hoffbauer's work and other trustworthy authorities that the guns that were concentrated to effect this were also in hundreds. It is very doubtful whether, on an average, they each put three Frenchmen *hors de combat* in several hours' firing. And this lame result can only be accounted for by supposing that an enormous proportion of the shells flew clean over the hill, and so struck and burst far beyond where they were harmless to its defenders. It was very different at Sedan. From the time (and this on the east side was early in the day) when the French were beaten or turned from their ridge positions, and fell back on lesser hills or into hollows near Sedan, they gave an overwhelming preponderance to the enemy's artillery. Not merely had the Germans the necessary advantage of those who fire from a wide circle on a limited space, but, their aim being generally on masses formed on lower ground, the shell burst as the object was reached, and that with terrible effect. Eyewitnesses of both sides relate how these hollows that showed the French halts were ploughed up by the pursuers' shells, the spot where each struck being often marked by a ghastly little group of dead or mortally wounded. The effect was of course to add terribly to the spreading panic, and to multiply the German fire in their enemy's frightened vision, till resistance and reply seemed useless.

These conditions stated and understood, it seems needless to follow the official writer through his elaborate details of the action. With the exception of the Floing heights, where the great strength of the ground gave Douay the means of more prolonged resistance, and thus encouraged the French horse to make those desperate and useless charges on the enemy's advancing infantry, which were as gallant as those of their foes at Mars-la-Tour, though scarcely so well timed, the course of the battle was all of the same order. There was resistance, obstinate enough at first, on the ground chosen for defence; retreat from this when outflanked by the superiority of numbers which the assailants soon brought to bear, and this retreat becoming less and less orderly as the pursuers pressed the inclosed lines harder, and their artillery told more and more; finally, disorder, growing into general demoralization, and in the rear taking the form of open mutiny or panic rout as Sedan was approached. There is really no useful lesson to be gained from tracing the particulars. The brunt of the early battle was on the east front, where Ducrot and Lebrun fought their men well; and when we read of even this, early in the volume (p. 1179), such passages as, "towards 10 A.M. Lartigue's division was thrown completely back to the west side of the Givonne brook," and again soon after (p. 1195), "upon the right wing of the German army a powerful and successful artillery combat was now urged against" these new French positions, no more particulars are needed. The same process went on with increasing vigour on the superior side, and increasing faintheartedness on the other; until German light batteries galloped forward out of their line to cut off isolated bodies of the fugitives, and the flying battalions vied with one another in the ease with which they laid down their arms. That we are not exaggerating the moral difference may best be judged by the fact that 21,000 of the French suffered themselves to be taken by detachments during the course of the action; whilst their loss in killed and wounded of 17,000 exactly doubles that of the victors, who yet must have suffered very severely in the first attack on the positions; and it speaks, therefore, very plainly as to the genuine superiority of fire already mentioned.

This 8th Part, which concludes the first volume of the History, is itself closed by a brief strategical and tactical review of the campaign that led to the ruin of the Emperor and his Army of Chalons. We may say at once that we cannot follow the Berlin writer in his view that there ever were any real elements of hope in the conception of Palikao which so lamentably broke down in operation. It was perhaps necessary for a generous and fair-minded writer to give every possible weight to the foe's supposed chances of success; and it must certainly have been the more pleasant to do this, as otherwise the crowning triumph is robbed of part of its brilliancy in the eyes of admiring countrymen. But, admitting the full force of what is said (p. 1298) as to the ignorance up to the evening of the 25th August on the German side of MacMahon's march, and of the start he had gained notwithstanding his first circuitous movement by Rheims, it by no means follows that his final success was at all possible. Though he had almost passed the Crown Prince's right flank undiscovered, he had directly in his path the Saxon Prince with 80,000 German troops, their spirits high with recent success, and the passages of the Meuse closely watched by their detachments. The first order that was sent them from the King's headquarters was, in case of necessity, to hold the right bank of the river, and anticipate the enemy at his expected passage; and the very superiority of numbers which MacMahon commanded would have been fatal to the swift clearing out of his path of this unavoidable adversary. For, whether the Army of Chalons moved on many roads or on few, it must have taken at least forty-eight hours to concentrate laterally, or to come out of its deep columns of march, in order to form a strong front of battle facing eastward in hopes of overpowering the adversary. And it needed but one day more—the very least that could have been occupied by the preliminary skirmishing necessary if the French intended to fix the Saxon Prince's position and prepare to force it—in order to make up the

three which were employed, as events actually went, in bringing the Crown Prince up to his aid. The march of the French was indeed as badly conducted as the historian indicates. The magazines prepared in advance were missed by the uncertainty of the movements. The Marshal's orders were interfered with and overridden by the telegrams from Paris. But had all these causes of failure been lacking, it is not to be thought that anything short of some very extraordinary blunder on the German side, or of some exceptionally brilliant stroke on MacMahon's part, could have enabled him to solve the problem forced on him for political objects in the manner suggested. And, to be plain on this subject, if we make a very large allowance against him for the genuine superiority of his chief adversary as a strategist, there is still nothing in MacMahon's career, least of all in this unhappy campaign, which betokens the genius that alone could have led him to succeed had all his opponents been the most ordinary of commanders.

For it needed genius, and that of the highest order, to triumph over the obstacles which beset him. Chief among these were the ill humour and indiscipline of the troops with which he started. The Berlin historian dwells with just pride on the fine spirit which animated the Crown Prince's army during its forced march through the Argonne, when the orders for the great wheel northward were once issued. In doing this he accomplishes half the most important part of his task. But the picture on the other side should be painted with the same faithfulness and fulness. Campaigns are not worked out by machines on maps, but through mire or dust by thousands of sentient human beings, the more readily and powerfully influenced by sullenness or cheerfulness, by despondency or hope, by suspicion or trustfulness, because brought together in masses. And military history will never be a perfect record of facts until it learns to give full weight to the most powerful of all the impulses which result in these facts, the good or bad spirit of the soldier. When he leaves his bivouac with the evil temper which contaminated MacMahon's army as it broke up from Chalons, disaster and ruin go before the march, and the first check that is encountered makes their dread forms appear.

#### INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.\*

THIS might be described in the language of the last century as "a very idle book." The author has collected his materials, it seems, not of set purpose, but from time to time as they came to hand. This kind of accumulation of stray notes is by no means a bad thing in itself. It may well serve to determine a man's course when he is in doubt as to the choice or treatment of a subject; it gives him the first steps, which are generally the most troublesome, done to his hand, and is a convenient base of further operations. It does not follow that all further operations can be dispensed with. The materials of the chapters now before us might probably have been made, with a little more research and not very much more trouble, into something at least as amusing as they now are, decidedly more curious, and for some purposes even useful. Without any parade of learning or repellent ostentation of references, a certain amount of authentic and definite information might have been brought together which one might occasionally be glad to refer to, and which it would be difficult to find collected elsewhere; and by a moderate use of extraneous knowledge considerable additions could have been made in the way of comparison and illustration which would have profitably replaced divers and many pages eked out with different degrees of platitudes, and the worth of the book, even as a matter of simple amusement, would have been much increased. But the writer could not or would not do any of these things. Magazine articles they were—the writings were "skimmed off as they rose" from the surface of other work, as he tells us—and magazine articles they must remain. He deliberately forbears to quote authorities, because they "present a mask of learning which would be out of place here." We confess that we are almost indignant at seeing possibilities of good work thus spoilt, apparently without resistance or regret, by the conditions of current magazine-writing. Mr. Marshall is known to us as a pleasant and intelligent writer on other topics. But here he seems to have been afraid, not merely of showing off special knowledge, but of showing too much knowledge of any sort. His subject, not a very well-defined one in itself, and certainly not clearly defined by him, appears on the whole to be the rise, conditions, and prospects of the external forms and symbols which attend upon the dealings of sovereign States with one another. It is obvious that the treatment of this subject must be to some extent historical, and that in the region of diplomacy and international law it would at least be none the worse for some little familiarity with political and legal conceptions. Mr. Marshall has, however, assumed the air—how far, if at all, corresponding to reality, how far by mere carelessness, or how far by deliberate dissimulation, we cannot undertake to guess—of setting out on these inquiries provisioned with a very notable stock of ignorance, and ignorance especially of things legal and historical. This shows itself not so much in positive mistakes as in a curious inadequacy of handling, missing of points, and needless discussion of matters of common knowledge as if they were something novel.

In the very first paragraph it is a little odd to find international

\* *International Vanities*. By Frederic Marshall, Author of "French Home Life." Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1875.

law classed with heraldry, astrology, and hawking, as a kind of superannuated oddity, though there are "grave persons"—venerable antiquaries like Sir W. Harcourt, we presume—"who go on writing books about it." Considering that international law has, for obvious reasons, been of more importance in the last twenty years than at any earlier time in this century, and that its importance is, if anything, still on the increase, the description is not happy. Again, though one cannot be exacting in this kind of writing, an author expressly treating of titles and the like might be expected not to talk of "the Emperor of Germany" and "the Roman crown which was supposed to come to him through Charlemagne and the Western Empire." This prepares one for the assumption of Imperial style and dignity by other princes being set down on the next page, with perfect inadvertence to its real meaning, as the fruit of an "imitative disposition"; as if the title of Emperor had been, as it is now, just a title like another, only passing in some vague way for the grandest of them. Of course it really meant a denial of the Emperor's supremacy. Henry VIII., or his Parliamentary draftsman, used it in a rather special manner as a denial of Papal supremacy too. In the same way, in a later part of the book, the author refers the style of kings, "by the grace of God," to an acknowledgment of the Pope as superior; whereas it may mean, and sometimes probably did mean, the exact contrary. When Bracton said, "*Ipse autem rex non debet esse sub homine sed sub deo et sub lege, quia lex facit regem*," or when William the Conqueror professed to hold his crown of God and his sword, we may be nearly sure in the former case, as we are quite sure in the latter, that the real intention of the statement was a patriotic negative rather than a pious affirmative. It suggests, according to feudal doctrine, a tenure in chief without any intermediate lord, and pointedly disavows any human superior. Then we have a chapter on diplomatic forms which is fairly amusing. Mr. Marshall remarks on the former use and present disuse of religious invocations in the language of treaties. This piece of history, however, is by no means peculiar to this kind of documents. Ancient charters, and even statutes, sought to strengthen their temporal effect by all the terrors of ecclesiastical sanction, and traces of the practice are current in old-fashioned wills and in the old and odd common form (still used with little, if any, change) of policies of marine insurance. In the succeeding chapter, on "Titles," the most remarkable thing recorded is the persistent claim of Russian sovereigns to Imperial rank, made at the various Courts of Europe at various times during the last century, and admitted first, it seems, by England, and last, with much reluctance and not without pretence of reservations, by France and Spain. The statement that the title of *Majesty* "came into use among European rulers at a relatively recent period"—meaning, as the context shows, the middle of the fourteenth century—is too wide if it goes beyond strictly ceremonial use. The earliest known text-book of Scottish law, copied from a still earlier text-book of English law, takes us nearly two centuries further back, and happens to be known by no other title than its first two words, and those words are *Regiam majestatem*. But the author is no doubt correct in noting, a little further on, that the technical modern use of Prince is very modern indeed.

Then comes a chapter on "Decorations." In speaking of the love of mankind for such things, which is supposed to be more conspicuous on the Continent than here, it would have been relevant to call attention to the many unofficial displays of it to be seen in England and America. Without coming down to Foresters and Good Templars, the ribands and other uniforms of cricket and boat clubs may be counted by scores; and the American universities, if less rich in these, have their societies of a more literary kind not exactly corresponding to anything here, in which also man appears as a decoration-wearing animal. Under the head of "Diplomatic Privileges" we have an account, not without interest, but for readers who want to learn anything made absolutely valueless by the omission of references, of the extraordinary claims that formerly (and not so very long ago) were made, and sometimes sustained, on behalf of ambassadors. They did not stop at personal immunities, but assumed local franchises, including even the exercise of criminal jurisdiction over their own followers. The chapter ends with six pages of very poor light writing spun out of the obvious reflection that the surviving privileges of ambassadors are in the present state of civilization of comparatively small value. The writer goes on to discourse of alien laws, and incidentally shows his grasp of etymology by finding it impossible to understand how *détraction* came to be a technical name for a tax levied on the inheritances of strangers. "*Détraction* means evil speaking and nothing else; how then could it possibly be applied to taxes?" As there are signs elsewhere of acquaintance with at least the existence of M. Littré's Dictionary, we must assume this to be a deliberate piece of affectation set up for the sake of a very forced jest which follows upon it. In this chapter there is some dealing with both French and English history; the manner of it, intended probably to be attractive to the "general reader," is to our mind exceedingly flippant and repulsive.

The last chapter, entitled "Glory," is perhaps the worst of all. It has less pretence of relevance and more offences in it than any foregoing one. A writer who talks of Alexander as "little more than a half-savage soldier"; who classes "the Arabs who mastered Africa and Spain"—and also kept alive the light of science for several centuries till Europe was ready to take it up—with "the Turks who destroyed the Eastern Empire"—and also whatever they could, there and elsewhere, of science and civili-

zation—as one and the same sort of "good fighters and rude conquerors"; and who takes several rambling pages to arrive at the discovery that the so-called laws of war are not laws in the strict sense, whence is deduced the still greater discovery that war is a bad thing—a writer who does all these things, we say, presumes too much on even that large measure of patience which must be conceded to magazine-writing on the somewhat large assumption that such writing is to be recognized as a necessity. The last-mentioned point is in part made out by a wholly misconceived attempt to distinguish between "lawfulness" as applying to things authorized merely by positive law, and "legality" as importing some addition of moral approbation, or assertion of conformity to more general principles. If there is any distinction, it is just the reverse. It is not illegal in any sense for a man who could do better things if he chose to write and publish a flippant and careless book; but one may fairly say it is not lawful according to the higher law of taste and liberal arts.

#### LITTLE-RUSSIAN HISTORICAL POEMS.\*

THE volume now before us is the first instalment of a work which, if it is completed in the same spirit in which it has been commenced, cannot fail to prove highly interesting and important. Much has been done of late years towards collecting the fragmentary epics preserved in the memories of the rustic inhabitants of Great-Russia, especially in the North-East provinces; but the corresponding poetry of Little-Russia (Volhynia, Podolia, Ukraine, &c.) has not until very recently met with the attention it deserves. Many valuable collections of songs and stories, it is true, have been made by local scholars, among whom MM. Rudchenko and Kulish may be specially named; but a critical edition of the popular poetry in which the South-West of Russia is so rich has long been a work to be desired, but not to be obtained. To Professors Antonovich and Dragomanof is now justly due the credit of having produced, at least in part, a collection of Little-Russian historical songs, in which the texts have been conscientiously tested and methodically arranged, while the critical portion of the work has been planned and executed in a systematic and scholarlike manner.

The editors take as their starting-point in the political history of the South-Russian people the formation of the *Drujinas*, or Military Companies. These, headed by princes of Rurik's race, swayed the destinies of South Russia up to the time of the Tartar invasions; and afterwards, under the descendants of the Lithuanian Gedimin, they maintained their influence up to the union of Poland and Lithuania in the middle of the sixteenth century. So prominent, say the editors, is the place which these companies and their princely chieftains occupy in the poetic memory of the people, so little impression have the municipal *Veches*, or Common Councils, made upon it, that the poems relating to that period may be designated those of the "*Drujina* or Princely Age." Next comes the period in which the upper strata of society became divided from the lower, undergoing what is described as "a Polonizing process," while the Tartar power, after the appearance of the Turks on the shores of the Black Sea, begins to lift its head anew. Then arises from amid the people that "Cossackdom" which has left its stamp upon the poems which form the second part of the present work, and which are grouped under the head of the "Poetry of the Cossack Age." With the first section of that part the volume now before us concludes.

The third part will be devoted to the "Poems of the Haidamacs Age," illustrating the period in which a struggle was maintained (say the editors) by the masses of the people, in that part of what is now South Russia which had not submitted to the Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich, against the Polish nobles and their Jewish agents. The representatives of this conflict, which continued until the partition of its arena between Russia and Austria, were known by various names, but in the Ukraine they bore that of Haidamacs, or brigands. The fourth part of the work will contain what are styled the "Songs of the Recruit and Serf Age," due to the changes introduced into Little-Russia, much to the disadvantage of the lower classes, during the second half of the last century and the first half of the present. The fifth and last division will comprise the new class of popular songs which have sprung up since the improvement in the position of the rural population effected in Austria in 1848, and in Russia in 1861, and to which the sounding title is given of "Songs about Freedom."

The first part begins with a number of short songs which, the editors say, have hitherto been omitted from historical collections on account of their being supposed to contain only "mythical-religious" allusions. Of such a nature, for instance, are the *Kolyadki*, or songs sung at Christmas-time, many of which are usually considered as nothing more than time-honoured relics of heathenism. In a number of them, however, the present editors see traces of a cultus paid, not only to ancient deities, but also to early princes. Whether their view, in the majority of cases, be correct or not, is a question not to be hastily decided, and upon both sides of which much may be said. But in many instances the songs quoted as *Kolyadki* evidently support the conclusions at which Professors Antonovich and Dragomanof have arrived—as, for example, those in which a silken tent is described, within

\* *Istoričeskiya Pjesni Maloruskogo Naroda*. [Historical Poems of the Little-Russian People. Edited, with Notes, by V. Antonovich and M. Dragomanof.] Vol. I. Kiev. 1874.



which sits at a golden table a princely youth, to whom come his trusty warriors, praying that they may be sent into the land of the infidel, there to give rein to their swift steeds, to pierce with the flying arrow, and hew with the flashing sword. The reader, however, who does not possess very special qualifications will probably be glad to pass on to the less doubtful poems, principally to be found in the second part, which deal with personages and events of an evidently real and not mythical nature.

The first section of the second part, comprising pp. 73 to 327 of the present volume, is devoted to those "Poems of the Cossack Age" which relate to "the struggle against the Turks and Tartars." Most of them, say the editors, have evidently been composed, so far as their present form is concerned, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the material out of which they were formed was doubtless ancient, and some of them may perhaps be traced back to the times of the first Tartar inroads. Dealing with sorrows which are intelligible to all minds, they possess a wide human interest. We hear in them the lamentations of captives in a far-off land, the wailing in their former homes of those to whom they were dear. We see the nightly inroad of the infidel foe, the ruined homestead, the ravaged fields, the forced march of the weary and footsore prisoner, the hardships endured by the slave on a cruel master's farm, or, still worse, on board a Turkish galley, and at last the almost welcome death which puts an end to his life-long captivity. Very gloomy and sad are the great majority of these poems, though every here and there a ray of light illumines the sombre picture they present, as when a captive youth or maiden is ransomed, or is enabled to escape by the aid of a loved one's faithful hand.

By way of giving some idea of the nature and scope of these poems, we will add an analysis of a few specimens of them. Across the plain, says one of them, goes a captive band. There, among others, three maidens are mourning, the daughters of a village priest. "Ah, golden locks of mine!" cries one sad captive, as she follows on foot the horse to which a rope attaches her, "no longer will ye be dressed and adorned by my mother dear!" "Ah, small white feet of mine!" exclaims the second, who is dragged along behind a waggon, "no longer are ye washed by my mother's hands. By the rough sands are ye worn; your traces are marked by my blood!" And the third, who on account of her special charms has been hidden by her captors in a covered cart, thus laments as she is slowly driven along, "Ah, eyes, dark eyes of mine! Across the wide plain do we pass, but never do ye see the light of day!"

Near the village grows the corn abundantly, we are told in another song. There a maiden reaps the harvest, binding little sheaves. Comes a Cossack riding by, mounted on a coal-black steed:—

Cease, O maiden, cease to reap the harvest, binding little sheaves.

Onwards to a hillock rides the Cossack, there lies down and softly slumbers, while his steed wanders at random through the dell. Thither comes the maiden, and strikes him on the face with plaited grasses:—

Rise from slumber, Cossack, rise. No longer canst thou see thy steed. Him Turks and Tartars drive afar.

Well known to them am I [he answers], they will not touch me. What though my steed be lost, another will I get. But thou, should'st thou be lost—no other love is there for me remaining.

In a third song a captive Cossack writes pleading letters to his parents, entreating them to ransom him. But when the father learns that it will cost him four couple of oxen to do so, he refuses to interfere, as does the mother when she discovers that the price of her son's liberty is four couple of cows with their calves. Then the captive appeals in despair to his love. She instantly exclaims that sooner would she lose all she possesses than that he should be left in captivity; and the pining prisoner is straightway released.

Among the most popular of these songs of captivity is one, of which several variants are given in the present collection, describing the attempted escape of three Russian prisoners from the power of the infidel. The different versions closely agree in all but the conclusion of the story. From the account given in all of them of the city of Azof, and the steppe separating it from the Ukraine, it is supposed that this *duma*, to use the name given in Little-Russia to a song or ballad of this description, must have been composed at some period between the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth. The following is a summary of its contents:—

From the city of Azof it is not a fog that arises; three brothers are flying from weary slavery. Two of them are on horseback, the third runs after them on foot. On the white stones, amid the grey thorns, he wounds his feet, leaving behind him stains of blood:—

Stay your steeds, O my brothers! take me up behind you, that I may reach Christian towns, may see again my father and my mother.

Thus he cries as, with tears streaming from his eyes, he holds on to their stirrups.

If we wait for thee or take thee up [replies the eldest brother], then will the pursuers come up with us, will pierce us with wounds, and will drag us back into harsh captivity.

If ye will neither wait for me nor carry me, draw your bright blades and sever my head from my shoulders. Then bury me in the open plain, so that neither bird nor beast may make of me their prey.

Never has such a thing been heard of [replies the second brother] as that a brother should stain with a brother's blood his blade.

If ye will not slay me, O my brothers, then as ye ride through the

wooded ravines, break off branches from the thorn trees, and strew them in the way to guide my steps.

So, as the mounted brothers ride along, the younger of the two plucks branches from the thorn trees, and strews them in the track. But when the sweeping steppes are reached, no wooded ravines, no thorn trees can be seen:—

Let us tarry awhile, elder brother, let us wait for our brother's coming.

If we tarry awhile, younger brother, and wait our brother's coming, never shall we escape from the Turkish prison in Azof.

Sadly the brothers ride on, the younger tearing shreds from his clothes, strewing them along the track. The youngest brother sees the shreds as he toils along the steppe. Deeming his brothers dead, he sadly laments their fate:—

Oh, Lord my God! would that I knew if my brothers have been slain or led away into captivity. If they lie dead, fain would I seek their bodies, and bury them in the open plain, secure from bird or beast.

Coming to a little hillock, he lays his head on the ground, and laments bitterly with tears. The blue-winged eagles come flying together, strive to seize his dark locks, to tear out his bright eyes:—

Wait a little longer, O ye unkind guests! Wait till the youthful Cossack soul has fled from the fair body. Then pluck the eyes from beneath the brow, rend the flesh from off the bones.

The Cossack dies; down on his corpse swoop the blue eagles; the grey wolves gather together from the wide steppes. They rend his body asunder, they scatter his bones over the sweeping plain. Over the Cossack youth no father, no mother weeps. But the blue-winged cuckoo comes flying up, lights on the ground beside his head, and makes sad wail:—

Ah head! ah youthful Cossack head! No longer tended with a loving care, but rolled about at will by bird or beast.

The elder brothers ride and ride. As they draw near to Christian towns, a weight lies heavy on their souls:—

When we reach home [the younger says] how shall we answer our parents when they ask us after our youngest brother?

We will reply [the elder says] we and he served different lords. When we fled by night we vainly strove to wake him. Then were we forced to leave him in captivity.

Not so [answers the younger]. For if we lie to our father and our mother, then will their curse descend upon our heads.

Into the plains of Samara ride the two brothers. By the Samara river they sleep, their horses grazing beside them. Suddenly the heathen foe bursts on them. The brothers are cut down, are hewed in pieces. The heads of the brothers are borne aloft on the pagan sword, their bones lie scattered about the sweeping plain.

The specimens we have given will serve, even under the disadvantage of being represented by a condensed translation, to give some idea of the contents of the important work for which scholars are indebted to Professors Antonovich and Dragomanof. Let us trust that neither local jealousy nor official narrowness will impede the complete fulfilment of an undertaking which ought to be regarded as a meet subject for national pride.

#### KENNEDY'S ARISTOPHANES.\*

CERTAIN exacting critics have said that they can see nothing to admire in Dr. Kennedy's "Birds." It is not, in their opinion, so adapted to the tastes of the man of cultivation, who enjoys the fine flavour of classical literature after the active study of his Greek and Latin is past, as the translations of Frere. It cannot be that a Professor of Greek contemplated simply a literal translation for the purposes of the beginner; and if the object was to appeal to the student whose Greek still cleaves to him, and who has not outlived his perception of, any more than his relish for, the nice points of the original, how, it is asked, can a modern *réchauffé* in the shape of an English version make this appeal half so forcibly as the original Greek, of which the wit, life, and beauty defy distillation. We know this line of argument, and have met with it before in cases where practised scholarship has borne fruit in such clear and faithful translations as are its natural product. It seems to us, however, that Dr. Kennedy's translation satisfies a want which has not been recognized by his predecessors and compeers—a want alike of the English reader and of the Greek scholar who appreciates his mother tongue. He appears, on the one hand, to have desired to admit to a taste of Aristophanes, at his best, as many unlearned readers as curiosity might prompt to take advantage of it; and this is the explanation, probably, of the Greek-made-easy and the "construes" in those mid-page notes which occupy the space allotted in classical editions to the "apparatus criticus." But, on the other hand, his version is also suitable for the scholar in full work or the scholar resting on his oars; for whilst he makes a conscience of rendering each point and all the pith of the Greek as nearly as may be, he guards against the bare suspicion of dullness and pedantic obscurity, justifying and elucidating in foot-notes the English equivalents with which he has sought to represent the Greek. As "the outgrowth of lectures delivered" by him "as Greek Professor," it is natural that Dr. Kennedy's version should savour of the exact and learned scholar, but

\* *The Birds of Aristophanes*. Translated into English Verse, with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

a thorough and loving familiarity with his subject has shown him where a touch of compromise can assist the English reader to realize its points and bearings; and, at the same time, the stickler for the gist of the original has a guarantee that as little as possible of it is lost or filtered away.

We therefore deprecate express comparison of Dr. Kennedy's version with that of Hookham Frere. The men are as unlike in tone as in purpose and special talent. But if it were needed to illustrate the difference between the standard of literality in use with the one and that observed by the other, it would be easy to do so by their several renderings of two brief scraps of Aristophanes in the amusing scene where Peisthetærus gives audience and *congé* to priest, poet, soothsayer, &c., one after the other. The first passage is from the concluding lines of the chorus *ἀνθρώπων* of the inadequacy of the sacrifice (a very lean goat) to all the bird gods and goddesses which Peisthetærus had discussed with the priest. It strikes them that under the circumstances a single deity had better be invited to the feast:—

τὰ γὰρ παρόντα θύμαρ' οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν  
γίνεσθαι τ' ἐστὶ καὶ κίρατα.—M. 901-2.

This apology, or excuse, is no doubt broadly and quite intelligibly expressed by Frere—

Our victim is so poor and thin:  
Merely bones in fact and skin!

The more exact rendering of Dr. Kennedy seems to place the miserable goat before our eyes:—

In the victim standing by  
Only beard and horns I spy.

So, too, where Peisthetærus retorts upon the poet, who has quoted Homer's description of his class as *Μουσῶν θεράποντες ὄρνθοι*, "diligent servants of the Muses" (967, M. 915), a sly hit at the service his coat has seen, Frere's rendering of

οὐκ ἴδως ὄρνθρον καὶ τὸ λεῶδριον ἔχεις

is not so explicit as Dr. Kennedy's, though the latter involves a little compromise or substitution. The poet explains that he is not literally a menial:—

No! but professors of the poetical art  
Are simply styled the "Menials of the Muses"  
As Homer expresses it. [PEISTH.] *Ay, the Muse has given you  
A ragged livery.*—FRERE.

Dr. Kennedy discovers in the sense of "well-worn" applying to both garment and wearer a *double entendre* of which he makes admissible use:—

No! but every one whom song produces  
Is a *holy menial* of the Muses:  
Such is the title Homer uses.  
PEISTH. *Your blouse too's holy; to your trade you owe it!*

But—setting aside comparisons—there is a sense of satisfaction in almost always getting in Dr. Kennedy's versions change for your old gold. In the opening scene, where the two adventurers in Bird-land are debating how to ascertain the whereabouts of the hoopoe's abode (54-5), the letter and the spirit are alike preserved in the rendering of

Π. τῷ σκύλει θίγει τὴν πτέραν·  
Ε. σὺ δὲ τῷ κεφαλῇ γ' ἴν' ᾧ διαλάσις ὁ ψόφος.

P. Just give the rock  
A shin stroke. E. By all means, and you a head stroke.  
*A double knock will make a double noise.*

In another, where the sightseers are questioning the bird-king about the first birds which come on the stage independently of the chorus, and inquire about the third of these, a variety of the hoopoe, invented to suit a comic purpose, nothing can be neater than the version of the hoopoe's reply to the remark of Euphides on the rapidity with which this bird sheds its feathers. The Greek runs:—

ἴτα γὰρ ὡν γενναῖος ὑπὸ τε σκυφοαντῶν τίλλεται  
αἷ τε θήλειαι προστεκίλλουσιν αὐτοῦ τὰ περὰ (285-6);

and Dr. Kennedy translates—

Yes, because he is a lordling, parasites his plumage clip;  
And the lady-birds moreover all the little remnant strip.

Again, where Peisthetærus is convincing the chorus of the feasibility of making mankind install the birds in the place of gods, and suggests how one section of the bird-tribes may place Apollo at a disadvantage, it is no servile literality, but a balance between letter and spirit, which dictates the third of the verses we quote with the Greek underneath:—

Again the ravens may tear out, if thus it must be tried,  
The eyes of all their ploughing kine, and all their sheep beside:  
Then let Apollo heal, if he's as rich in science as in fees.

[ἄθ' Ἀπόλλων ἱατρός γ' ὦν ἰάσθω· μισθοφορεῖ δέ.]

But, in truth, it was to be expected that the constant study of the Greek text should so familiarize an acute scholar with all the niceties of the original, and bring him so close to the inner mind of the author, that transference becomes a process where ecarce a drop is spilt, and the ancient form of thought suffers as little detriment as possible. This is the case with single words of Aristophanic coinage, such as a bird called *ροσσανικῆς*, a mixture of "pneasant" and "informer" (72), which Dr. Kennedy renders "one of the tell-tale tits"; *μελλομενέαν*, "to shilly-shally, Nicias like" (671), *Σαρδανάπαλλος* (1021), "Dainty Don"; *Ἀλφειὼν*

*πνίον* (1121), "Panting in the true Alphean style"—to which it would be easy to add other examples.

This translation is very happy in its representations of the Aristophanic surprise, which consists in substituting a droll or sarcastic word for the one which the foregoing words had led one to expect. An instance that occurs most readily is that where Euphides in the opening scene reverts to the Athens he has left as *πάντα κοινὴν ἱναπορίσαι χρίματα*—

And free to all alike, to pay their fines in;

but it will be a point for individual taste to determine whether the attempts to reproduce the poet's puns on names of places and persons are equally happy. In translation this must always be a doubtful experiment. One of the best translators of Aristophanes—Walshe—revels in it; and we have had a feeling of plethora at times in perusing attempts of this kind in the plays edited by Mr. Green. On occasions Dr. Kennedy deserves the credit of hitting the happiest equivalent, and that without taking a long range—e.g. where Peisthetærus consoles his companion by telling him that, if their adventure has a fatal issue, they will be honoured with a public funeral, as having fallen at Orneæ (*ἀποθανεῖν ἐν Ὀρνέαις*, 404), a town of Argolis, besieged by Athens two years before the date of this play, but taken without loss of life, by reason of its garrison evacuating it at night. The version before us runs:—

Burial place for you and me  
Shall the Kerameikos be;  
Public funeral to secure  
We shall the war-office tell,  
"Fighting with the foe we fell  
In the battle of Birdp'r."

It is natural, as well as neat, to translate the joke about the lark's father, that "he lie's dead at Buryhead" (*κεῖται τοῦ νιῶος Κιφαλήσιν*, 475 M.); and one may accept *Poland* and *Woland* without much demur as modern equivalents for *Ὀλοφύξιοι* and *ὠροτύξιοι* (1041-2). But there may be reasonable doubts whether any adequate result is conveyed to the English mind by Dr. Kennedy's version of a joke on the half-caste poetaster Spintharus in the epirrhema, vv. 802-3, the point of which is a hit at his mixed blood and colour, taken from bird-associations. We give the Greek and English:—

εἰ δὲ τυγχάνη τις ὦν φρεῖς μηδὲν ἤτρον Σπινθάρου  
φρυγίλος ὄρνις αὐτός ἐσται, τοῦ Φιλήμονος γένους.

Any half-caste spintharus, from the land of bamboos,  
Blackbird will be called by us, cousin of our Sambo.

It is only just to Dr. Kennedy to quote his apology for this at present obscure allusion. "Liberty," he writes, "has been taken to make the half-caste a mulatto, the bird a blackbird, and Philemon Sambo. If the comic poet may dare anything for the sake of humour, his translator must occasionally dare something, lest the humour evaporate altogether." Readers will judge for themselves whether the *something* in this case is worth the effort. To our thinking, in this case, as also in a sally about Diitrephes in the antepirrhema (836-9), where the quondam maker of wicker-flasks is represented as a cavalry officer, and *ἐκνυδὸς ἱππαλειτρῶν* comes out as "Colonel Horsecock of the Buffs," the transition is too violent; and here at least we should prefer the scholar's privilege of enjoying the original without having to assess the value of the copies.

It remains to say a word or two of the general execution of the work. To a fidelity guaranteed by his thorough insight into his author's meaning Dr. Kennedy adds a sound judgment and discretion as to the choice of metres and language. He is lively in his version without ever becoming low, which is more than can be said for some of his rivals. Here and there he qualifies the coarseness of the Greek by a presentable innuendo, and sometimes he is constrained to omit a line or two bodily. The dialogue in the main is creditably representative of the life and spirit of the original, and the lyric portions of the play are gracefully and poetically rendered. It would be priggish to desire aught truer and prettier than this snatch of the hoopoe's song to his mate:—

So when thy brown beak is thrilling  
With that holy music-trilling,  
Through the woodbine's leafy bound  
Swell the pure melodious sound  
To the throne of Zeus; and there  
Phœbus of the golden hair,  
Hearing, to thine elegies,  
With the awakened chords replies  
Of his ivory-clasped lyre,  
Stirring all the Olympian choir,  
Till from each immortal tongue  
Of that blessed heavenly throng  
Peals the full harmonious song.

The next song of the hoopoe (242-80) will hardly suffer in comparison with Frere's admirable lyric version, whilst it has the further excellence of recalling the very letter as well as the spirit of the original. Almost the same may be said of Dr. Kennedy's treatment of the parabasis proper, though it were bold to institute a comparison with "Ye children of man!" whose life is but a span," &c., a piece of translation which is a *locus classicus* in our literature. Dr. Kennedy has turned the parabasis into English trochaics, as most congenial to the modern ear, but in an appendix he gives a clever and readable anapaestic alternative. In his introduction he regards the later scenes of the birds which introduce Prometheus, Heracles, and Triballus as the most



amusing; but we confess that the fun of the piece strikes us as pretty equally spread over the whole, whilst the beauty and mirth of the choral passages are, if anything, preponderant at the earlier part.

It is not within our power to touch upon the questions opened in the Introduction, or to do more than bear witness to the learning and research displayed in it and in the Appendices. Were it otherwise, a word might be said touching the Professor's theory of the drift and keynote of this comedy. He seems to us to err, as others have done before him, in looking for this in too definite and single a form, whereas the probability is that Aristophanes did not work upon any single plan, but, writing out of a full brain and on the impulse of a free and lively wit, dashed into skits at Alcibiades, at Athenian litigiousness, at war incidents, and what not, as fancy bade him. But this sort of inquiry belongs to the study of Aristophanes as a whole, and our present purpose has been to welcome Dr. Kennedy in the new character of a poetical translator.

#### TROTTER'S HISTORY OF INDIA.\*

THIS is a popular History of India written at the request of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A feeling adverse to the book may consequently arise, for books written from a special point of view are too often one-sided and prejudiced. From such blemishes Mr. Trotter's work is free. It does credit to his own independence and to the liberality of the Society which has published it. An incidental fling or two at Rome is all that we have observed in it of a sectarian character. The tone of the work is Christian and healthy, but without a trace of Pharisaism. The first dips into the book gave us a favourable impression, and although a more careful perusal has led to the discovery of many and serious blunders, we are at the end more disposed to approve than to censure. The History of India divides itself into three periods—Hindu, Mahomedan, and English. A personal experience of India and some acquaintance with one or more of the languages of the country are great advantages to a writer; and we believe that the writer of this book has these advantages, but, as Mill has proved, they are not indispensable. Any writer of ability and industry may master the English period, and the Mahomedan authors have been so ransacked that but little is now left for independent research, so that these two periods lie open to all who choose to study them. It is very different with the times preceding the Mahomedan conquest in the eleventh century. The history of that ancient period has not yet been written, nor is the time yet ripe for it. Much has been done towards it. Elphinstone's summary of what was known in his day is invaluable. Mr. Talboys Wheeler's contributions are more extensive, but they deal only with distinct portions. They are exhaustive as far as they go, but they leave a great deal of ground untouched. The journals of the learned Societies of Europe and India abound with materials. Extracts from old books, translations of inscriptions and descriptions of coins, monuments, and other ancient remains have to be brought together, weighed, tested, and compared. For this work there is required not only great learning and research, but sound and critical judgment. Much rash speculation, many enthusiastic dreams and crude fancies, have to be swept away, and the conclusions of the most able and sagacious pioneers in this field of research have to be tested by the light of later discoveries and matured experience. There has never been a time when the search in India for records of the past has been so active, general, and persevering as it is now. The Government has its official archaeological explorers, and their exertions are aided by many zealous amateurs. The stores of knowledge are thus fast accumulating, and the time is not perhaps far distant when the ancient days of India may be depicted in full though faint and shadowy outline.

Mr. Trotter has gone through the ancient period, and has given a very fair summary of what is known about it. Where there is so much uncertainty and so great room for difference of opinion we are not disposed to be very critical, and to set up opinion against opinion. We cannot, however, allow his account of the Sudra or fourth caste to pass unchallenged. He says, "In the fourth or Sudra class were comprehended all the 'low born,' the people of mixed caste or of non-Aryan blood, who followed trades and callings forbidden to the twice-born, or belonged by birth to any of the subject races." We think the weight of evidence is in favour of the Sudras being Aryans, though a contrary opinion may fairly be entertained. But it is clearly wrong, when writing about the Code of Menu, to represent the Sudras as being people of "mixed caste." In Menu's time the four castes were as fully and distinctly defined as they have ever been, and the "mixed castes" were as distinct from the Sudras as from any one of the superior castes. Describing the changes which have taken place in the institution of caste, the author thus proceeds:—

In course of time the system sanctioned by a mythical lawgiver, in behalf at once of an aggressive priesthood and a conquering race, underwent some noteworthy changes. Shattered, if not effaced, by succeeding waves of Buddhism, it reappeared during the Christian centuries in a new and far more complex shape. Out of the four great castes there had grown some hundreds. The old sharp divisions of birth and calling had well nigh

vanished. Race no longer determined a man's pursuits. The Brahman ceased to be a born priest. In the struggle for life he and the lowly Sudra not seldom changed places, whilst both alike invaded the old domains of the soldier and the husbandman. Sudra dynasties ruled the land, Sudra priests sacrificed in the holy places, Sudra soldiers fought by the side of Brahmans and Rajputs, Sudra merchants, bankers, landholders, physicians, were held in equal honour with the Vaisyas, whose place they gradually filled. It was accounted no shame for a Brahman to cook the dinner of a wealthy Sudra, to become a clerk in a public office, to follow the standard of a Sudra captain, or to earn a livelihood by managing a farm. He might still, like a modern Polish noble, carry his head high among men of his own caste, but in the outer world his social importance came more and more to depend upon his worldly circumstances. As a priest or a Pandit he still enjoyed all the reverence which Hindus are wont to pay to their spiritual and intellectual guides. As a soldier or a merchant he continued to rank first among followers of the same calling. But a wealthy Sudra merchant paid small deference to the twice-born clerk who wrote his letters, or to the high-caste menial who prepared his food.

Now there is much in this description that is true, but parts which are wholly or partially wrong. Sudras enjoy great wealth, and have even risen to royalty; vast numbers of Brahmans are engaged in agriculture, service, and other worldly callings; but the line of division is as broad and distinct between the castes as it has ever been. Whatever the wealth and power of the Sudra, he can never pretend to the religious superiority and caste distinction of the Brahman. The Brahman may not be a priest, but he alone is entitled to be one; and as for the "Sudras sacrificing in holy places," it is utterly untrue so far as the bulk of the Hindus are concerned. In the reforming sects which have abolished caste distinctions a man who was originally a Sudra, or of any other caste, may arrive at the priestly office; but before this he has ceased to be of any caste at all. A little further on we find another error of a similar kind. Speaking of the worshippers of Siva, the author says:—

It is in Southern India, where the pious Sankara Acharya preached and travelled nine hundred years ago, that the sects which honour Siva have made most way among the people. Among the strictest of these are the Lingayats, who worship Siva under the form of the Lingam, the male emblem of nature's reproductive powers.

It is hardly necessary to say that the lingam is the emblem of Siva among all his worshippers, whether Lingayats or not. But the strange part of this passage is the apparent supposition that the Lingayats are followers of Sankara Acharya. This great Brahman reformer was the founder of the sect of Smartava Brahmanas, the strictest and strictest in the South. The Lingayats are a modern dissenting sect who have cast off the trammels of caste, and are more disposed to despise than to reverence a Brahman. The Smartavas have several monasterial establishments in the peninsula, and a direct successor from Sankara lives at Sringeri in the Southern Mahratta country, who is the recognized head of the sect. It so happens that the Lingayats are strong in this part of the country, and there are constant contentions and open quarrels between the two sects. One very curious dispute reached Her Majesty in Council some twenty-five years ago. This dispute was known as "the Crossway Palki question." It seemed that for a long period the chief of the Smartavas had been accustomed to be borne about in a palanquin carried crosswise, his dignity being enhanced by all other wayfarers having to move aside out of his road. This excited the envy of the chief of the Lingayats, and he adopted the same practice. Fights and riots followed, and the Gallo of the province was constrained to interfere and to repress the practice altogether. He referred both parties to the Civil Courts, and the Brahman thereupon commenced an action against the Lingayat for damages on account of loss of dignity arising from his peculiar privilege having been infringed. In proof of his right to the distinctive privilege, he brought forward two ancient deeds, engraved on copper plates, which were long before they found an interpreter. The suit was prosecuted, with varying success, up to the Chief Court in Bombay, and the Brahman being there worsted, he appealed to the Privy Council, and the case came on for hearing. But doubts were entertained, not only as to the genuineness of the deeds, but also as to the accuracy of the translation. The case was sent back to India for further inquiry, and we have not heard what was the end of it.

Mr. Trotter is also too easily led away by supposed identity of names. In Sanskrit writings the Greeks or Ionians are designated by the kindred word Yavana (not Yavana, as he writes it), but the term is applied to foreigners in general, and in later days has been given to the Mahomedans. Mr. Trotter, however, thinks that the name marks Ionic extraction, and so he finds Greeks ruling in Orissa, and Greeks giving their name to the island of Java. Passing on to the Mahomedan period, Mr. Trotter, following Marshman, represents Mahomed Kásim, the Arab conqueror of Sind in the eighth century, as carrying his arms into Gujarat, and of having "encountered in Mewar the Rajput chivalry of Chitor." Now the Arab chronicles of this conquest have been translated, and it is perfectly clear that Mahomed Kásim never got beyond Multán. Marshman derived his account from the pages of Tod, the enthusiastic Rajput chronicler; but we may safely limit the Arab conquest to what the Arabs themselves claimed. Mahmúdd of Ghazni's inroads into India are briefly but fairly described. Mr. Trotter speaks of Mahmúdd's "subjugation of the Peshawar valley," but he does not seem to have fully grasped the fact that Hindu dominion at this time stretched far west of the Indus. In earlier days there were Hindu kings of Kabul, and although the Hindus had fallen back before the aggressive Turkish races, they still retained a considerable territory over the river. Describing Mahmúdd's destruction of Somnath, we have the exploded story of how Mahmúdd broke the idol, and how "jewels of untold value

\* *History of India from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By L. J. Trotter, Author of "Studies in Biography." "A Sequel to Thornton's History of India," &c. Published under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. London: 1874.

rolled out in glittering heaps upon the floor." It is certain that Somnāth was a large lingam of solid stone, and the earliest chronicler relates how Mahmūd broke it by means of fire, and sent part of it to be trodden under foot as a step at the door of the mosque of Ghazni. The lingam was probably adorned with jewels, and there is no doubt of Mahmūd's having obtained an enormous booty; but the fiction of his striking the image with his mace was invented by later writers to support his title of "the idol-breaker." Mr. Trotter, in a note, points out that the truth of the story has been denied; but the book he refers to is one of no authority, and is no more likely to satisfy his readers than it did himself. H. H. Wilson set the question at rest, but the early chronicles of the campaign have been translated, and are easy of reference. We are told also of Mahmūd's having carried off "the sandal-wood gates of Somnāth." But the historians are silent upon this point also, and few people now believe that the gates brought by Lord Ellenborough from Ghazni were ever at Somnāth.

We have noticed also several geographical and etymological errors. In p. 165 we read of "the Panjab within the Indus" as if any part of the Panjab extended beyond it. Jhānsī is more than once stated to be "on the Jumna," but it is about a hundred miles away from that river. The caves of Ajanta are confounded with those of Elephanta, and described as being near Bombay. The distinction between the masculine *bhāī* and the feminine *bāī* has been disregarded. So Tārā Bāī, the well-known Mahratta widow-regent, has been turned into Tārā Bhāī, and she is spoken of as a man. In another place "Jagannath" is said to mean "Lord of Heaven," but it should be "Lord of the World." More of such errors might be cited, but we forbear.

The history is brought down to the very latest date, and includes the assassination of Lord Mayo, and the early days of Lord Northbrook's rule. In a work of this size and character nothing more is to be expected than a brief record of the principal events and some notice of the chief actors in them. The narrative is clear and cohesive, and the uninitiated reader may in general follow it with ease; but his attention will be heavily taxed to understand the positions and relations of the many and various personages who rapidly succeed each other in the troublesome scenes. This is almost inevitable, and Mr. Trotter has come as near to perspicuity as could be hoped for in so limited a work. Credit is claimed in the preface for the independent treatment of "Warren Hastings and his friend Sir Elijah Impey," which, "however different from the picture drawn by Macaulay, is amply warranted by a careful study of documents misread or overlooked by that great writer." We have failed to find anything particularly new or striking in this portion of the book; as much or more had been written by Marshman on the same side of the question. In this as in most political matters Macaulay took a strong and one-sided view. Cool judicial impartiality was not in his nature, and the force of his rhetoric sometimes perhaps exceeded the strength of his own convictions. That he went too far and expressed himself too strongly upon this matter is now tolerably clear, but it is not so certain that, because his censure was too severe, none at all was deserved. We wish moreover that Mr. Trotter had felt a little of Macaulay's indignation at Clive's false treaty with Omi Chund, and that he had condemned that nefarious transaction with a little of Macaulay's righteous denunciation, instead of finding excuses and palliations. All that can be said in defence of this transaction, when reduced to plain terms, amounts to no more than the assertion that rogues may be fought with their own weapons. This is a maxim which will find but scant acceptance, and most men will agree with Macaulay that Clive's action in this matter was a blunder as well as a crime.

We have pointed out many errors in this book, but we are not disposed to condemn it altogether. It is capable of being made a good elementary work, but it requires careful revision. Looking to the auspices under which it is published, it will probably reach a second edition. If the author will take due pains to seek out his errors and correct them, he may yet make his book one that will be a useful and readable introduction to the history of India. He has shown that he has qualifications for the work, and writes in a clear lively style; but while we agree with him in preferring words of English origin to those of Latin extraction, it is possible to carry this preference too far. The word "outlook" which he frequently uses for "prospect," does not carry quite the same meaning at present, whatever it may come to do hereafter.

#### FOR THE KING'S DUES.\*

OUR story-writers seldom do better than when they take some out-of-the-way spot as the scene of their tale, and with the fortunes of their hero and heroine work up the everyday incidents of a life with which their readers are likely to be but little acquainted. The more ambitious novelists who aim at something far higher than this, and who would describe the great world of which they know next to nothing, are like those artists who take a great width of canvas and some heroic subject, and produce a work vast indeed, but as uninteresting as it is unnatural. To a book in one volume, as to a picture in a small frame, we feel before we have looked into it already somewhat kindly disposed. If it

proves to be bad, as indeed it well may do, it will not to its other faults have added that of arrogance. If in the way of our calling we are bound to read it, even if we are impatient over its faults, our impatience is not increased by its vast length. We therefore took up the story before us with a certain amount of kindly feeling. It was in one volume, and though it should prove to be dull, it could not hold us wondrous long. It was, we saw, written by a woman, and might therefore claim a certain amount of indulgence. The scene was laid, too, in the little island of Sark, and as we turned over the leaves we saw that we should come across no one higher in rank than the Seigneur of the island and a Lieutenant in the navy. Our indulgence, however, was not needed, for we soon found ourselves interested in a very pleasantly told tale. It had been our lot to go through of late some half-dozen or so of the ordinary three-volume novels, in which there had been more or less of the usual smart writing in describing people whom we have never met, and scenes which could never have taken place. It was a refreshing change to come upon Mrs. Macdonell's slight tale of Love in a Channel Island. If, by the way, the book, as it deserves, reaches a second edition, we freely offer her, without any reservation of our rights, this as a second title to it. It would sound, we think, not at all ill:—"For the King's Dues; or, Love in a Channel Island." We do not find any extraordinary merits in this little story. It has all the pleasant flavour which we find in a plain dish after we have been living for a while on highly-seasoned food. The mutton may not be six years old, but nevertheless it is honest mutton. It might perhaps have been better fed, better killed, better kept, and better dressed; still, to any one who has a simple appetite, it will afford at least one tolerable meal.

The story opens in the year 1782 with the heroine, Miss Amice Blunt, sitting in a nook beneath the cliffs of Sark reading the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Mrs. Macdonell makes a great mistake, by the way, in placing, as she seems to do, the publication of that charming tale in so late a year as 1782. Goldsmith had lived to see its sixth edition, and of him we can now say, as Tristram Shandy's mother said of Socrates, "He has been dead a hundred years ago." But, though she is wrong in her dates, she is quite right in making that matchless story lay so strong a hold upon the fair young reader that, forgetful of everything but the Vicar and his family, she reads on till she finds that the tide has cut off her retreat, and that death is staring her in the face. We who live on the main ocean have this advantage over the dwellers on the shores of the Mediterranean, that in our love-stories we have the high tides at our command. Many a heroine would have missed her hero had there been no rise of the flood against a steep cliff some three hundred feet high to get her into that frightful position whence a hero alone could deliver her. We were disappointed, however, in the present case to find no one come climbing along the face of the rock, or swinging down on a long cord. The heroine is saved of course, but saved by a woman. Indirectly, however, the tide bears her to the hero, and so does all that a tide can be expected to do. In her despair she climbs into a cave, and, as she is lying there watching the sea run higher and higher, a girl comes in from the other side. She had known of a passage across a narrow ledge of rock which ran through a pool of water that lay in the cave. The waves, however, began to break in, and the girls could not have kept their footing in crossing back. The only thing to be done was to climb to the highest part of the cave, and there to lie in the hope that the water would not rise so high. The tide at length began to fall, and as the day was dawning a shot was heard. Presently a man was seen making for the cave over the rocks, hotly pursued by another. He sprang into the sea, swam to the cave, and passing close by Amice plunged into the pool and crossing it on the swim, disappeared on the other side. She afterwards learnt that two smugglers had been surprised by the coastguard, and that the second man had escaped up the cliff by a path so steep that ascent at one spot would have been impossible without the aid of a rope, which was always left hanging there. As soon as he had gained the top, he had cut the rope, and his pursuer had fallen from a frightful height on to the beach beneath. Amice is taken by her companion Jeanne Cartaret—a strange wild creature whose utterance is scarcely to be understood—to her grandmother's cottage. There she gets from the old fishwife a change of clothes and sets off for her uncle's house. She is nearly worn out, and is lame from a cut in her foot which she had got on the hard rocks. What more natural then than that she should faint away just as young Lieutenant Frazer passes her? He carries her to her home, but does not fall in love with her with all the certainty that is expected in a hero. The fact was that she had a cousin Dolly who in her way was a charming enough young lady, though, if a critic could be supposed capable of falling in love, we would most respectfully lay down our pen at the feet of Amice:—

Dolly's view of life was that its first object was to make a favourable impression on mankind, and that any efforts to obtain this end were amiable and legitimate; a certain well bred self-respect in Dolly's case always keeping her within the bounds of dignified behaviour. If persons were born ugly, or had the small-pox, of course Dolly argued it was natural for them to take to religious reading, and people continually said that such employment gave as much satisfaction as dancing—though Dolly had secret doubts on the subject.

Dolly, no doubt, was very charming, and nearly won the Lieutenant's heart. She had one fault, and, if in speaking of a young lady we may venture to use Goldsmith's somewhat vulgar expression, "that one was a thumper." "Of the sympathy that gives

\* For the King's Dues. By Agnes Macdonell, Author of "Martin's Vineyard." London: Macmillan & Co.



most women their power she had none. Dolly's general idea of consoling persons under difficulty was to change the subject; and the subject she chose was usually herself." While "she was supremely occupied with herself," Amice, as we are told in the next page, was "supremely unconscious of herself." We would venture to suggest to Mrs. Macdonell that although where our forefathers said "altogether" we no doubt say "supremely," yet in a story the scene of which is laid nearly a hundred years ago and among plain people, the common word might pass muster. While we are on a point of language, we would also observe that in the year 1782 there was neither "glinting sunshine" nor "scintillating objects." A fisherman, perhaps, did emerge from a side-door of a house, though we should think it much more likely that he came out. Mrs. Macdonell would seem to show that she has read our older literature not a little. Let her respect for it keep her out of the vulgar tricks with words which are ever being played by the third-rate writers of every age.

We must return, however, to our Lieutenant. It falls to his lot to track out the murderer, and he sets patiently and resolutely to the work. He goes in disguise to the village inn, but is recognized by the innkeeper, Vidal, who, though he was not suspected, yet was himself the guilty man. Vidal, not giving the least sign that he knew Frazer, cunningly by his talk leads him to suspect Jeanne's brother, Jack. It so happened that the other smuggler, Renouf, who was a good-hearted though reckless young fellow, and utterly incapable of the murder, had been hidden away for some few days in the Cartarets' cottage. He had escaped from the island the very night that Frazer saw Vidal, and in going had left behind him, without however telling any one, his belt and a roll of notes wrapped up in it as payment to Jack for the shelter he had so generously afforded him. This is found by Frazer when he comes with a couple of men to search the cottage, and is taken as evidence of Jack's guilt. Amice had described to the Lieutenant the face of the man she had seen swimming, and as her description exactly fitted Renouf, it followed that, if Jack had been his companion, Jack had been the murderer. On his half-wild sister is found a piece of lace, which is taken as a proof that they were at all events a family of smugglers. It was really a piece off Amice's cuff, which the girl had found in the cave, and had treasured up as a memorial of one of the very few people who had ever shown her kindness:—

"Do you take me for a smuggler?" said Jack, fiercely. "Could you not wait till you found me on the rocks with kegs in my net? Is it my grandmother you suspect, or the poor girl there?"

"This is His Majesty's officer, and you must let him do his duty," said Frazer, gravely. "The sooner he does, the sooner you can have the opportunity of proving your innocence."

"You have a high sounding name, gentlemen," said the old woman; "but I would rather my son earned his bread on the sea there than have such a trade as yours, that makes you suspect any honest man of being a knave until you have searched his house."

Frazer flushed; it did not need the old woman's reproach to make him feel that his position was painful. He hated the work; but Jack's sturdiness was only likely to stimulate his determination to go on with it.

Jack is taken off to the prison at Guernsey, and Vidal, who, as he had heard nothing of Renouf's escape since the night of the fray, felt sure he was dead, begins to be once more at his ease. Amice meanwhile comes down to the cottage to comfort the old grandmother, and there learns about the piece of lace. A boat, she hears, is to leave in half an hour for Guernsey. She writes a hurried note to Frazer, and sends as a proof of her statement the other cuff. She has no sealing-wax at hand to close the letter, and can merely tie it up with a piece of ribbon. It so happens that it is Vidal whose boat is going to Guernsey, and into his hands the letter and the lace are given by Jeanne. He of course, with a curiosity that is quite pardonable in a murderer, unties the string, and, learning from it that his plot will fail, and that Jack will be shown to be innocent, resolves to escape to France. To hinder pursuit, he first cuts the Seigneur's boat adrift, and then climbs over the rocks to the cove where his own boat lay. He had to go down by the side of the cliff where the rope had hung. He had provided himself with a new rope. To lighten its weight, however, he first took off his heavy boots and his coat, in the pockets of which the letter was, and, throwing them down to the beach, began to descend himself. Let our readers stop for a moment to picture to themselves this highly dramatic scene. Here we have a scoundrel letting himself down a cliff at the very spot where a few days before he had murdered an unfortunate coast-guardsmen. At the foot of the rocks lay his coat, containing a letter of the highest importance to a most interesting and innocent young fellow who was lying in Guernsey gaol in danger of his life. The letter was doubly interesting, as it was written by the heroine to the hero, between whom before this not a single line and scarcely half a dozen words had passed. It was tied up too with one of her ribbons, the mere possession of which would be an almost endless joy to a gallant Lieutenant in His Majesty's navy. To add to the interest, down another part of the cliff the wild girl was hurrying who suspected Vidal, and was afraid that he would not take the letter that was to bear deliverance to her brother. The rope indeed was a new one, and could not break. But to what was the rope fastened? To an iron staple, and iron staples do sometimes give way. We shall not spoil the interest of the plot by telling any more of the story. We shall leave Amice and Dolly both unprovided with husbands; Jack in prison, Renouf no one knows where, Frazer without even a ribbon, and Vidal hanging by the rope, and the rope fastened to the staple. We would just observe, by the way, that if the staple

did give way, and if Vidal did fall, it would not be in accordance with the laws of gravity that the rope as it slid downwards should strike him a mocking blow in the face as with a yell of despair he was hurled into the sea below.

If our readers are not by this time interested in the fate of so many young people, the fault is ours, and not Mrs. Macdonell's. Generally, we must own, we care so little for the fate of those heroes and heroines whom we are always studying, that whether they are to be married or hanged matters not to us a pinch of snuff. When we had read, however, a few chapters of *For the King's Dues*, if we did not care very much for Lieutenant Frazer, we had a particular interest in the gentle heroine, Amice Blunt.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, in proposing subjects for its annual prizes, always endeavours to keep in view questions which occupy public attention, and to suggest the discussion of topics of practical importance. Thus Utilitarianism naturally found a leading place in its programmes\*, and the popularity achieved by the works of Messrs. Mill, Darwin, Bain, and Herbert Spencer was regarded as calling for a detailed criticism of the system which makes the notion of happiness the substratum of a theory of ethics. The late M. Jouffroy had indeed many years ago undertaken to refute the utilitarianism of Jeremy Bentham; but his argument, though sound so far as it went, lacked completeness, and the fresh weapons used by recent representatives of that school required to be met by new means of defence. M. Ludovic Carrau's volume is divided into three parts, giving respectively (1) the history of utilitarianism from the days of Epicurus to our own time, (2) the refutation of the doctrine viewed in itself, (3) a statement of the mischief which, in his opinion, its application would bring about. He has evidently studied with close attention the various systems he examines.

M. de Valbezen†, well known to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* under his pseudonym of Major Fridolin, has just published two substantial volumes containing a revised and enlarged edition of the articles contributed by him to that periodical. His subject is the history of British India during the last twenty years. He begins with an account of the Sepoy Mutiny, which he follows throughout all its phases, and, after stating what he considers to have been the causes of the insurrection, he concludes with a sketch of the reforms lately accomplished under the direction of the English Government. M. de Valbezen has made excellent use of the works lately published on the subject which he treats, and he has enriched his book with a copious appendix of official documents which French readers will find very valuable. The conclusion at which he arrives with regard to the causes of the Mutiny tallies very much with that adopted by Sir John Lawrence; and, whilst enumerating the reforms which he deems requisite in the administration of India, he energetically defends the Government against the accusations, so frequently reiterated, of having in the first instance caused the Mutiny by offending the religious prejudices of the Sepoys. M. de Valbezen's *Nouvelles études* are far more than mere sketches. They form a work of substantial value, and show that the author is well acquainted with the details of the British administration of India.

M. Charles de Mazade‡, like M. de Valbezen, in the first instance contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the various chapters of his two volumes; they take us over ground which we have already traversed more than once, and they tell a sad tale which no doubt will be yet repeated by many a writer. The immense number of documents which we possess on the Franco-Prussian war ought, one would suppose, to leave no room for doubt as to any material fact relating to it; nevertheless, as M. de Mazade remarks, the most conflicting and contradictory statements meet us on every side, and it is often impossible to ascertain what the facts really were, when two eyewitnesses of the same events describe them so differently that, if the one speaks the truth, the other must necessarily be uttering falsehood. The vanquished are naturally anxious to extenuate their losses; party spirit obstinately persists in suppressing or glossing over whatever does not suit its theories; imagination helps powerfully to distort facts; and not unfrequently a complete dearth of official documents renders the historian's task hopelessly difficult. Such were the obstacles which M. de Mazade had to face in compiling his narrative of the war; let us add that he has surmounted them with a very creditable measure of success. The last part of the book is taken up by an account of the Communist insurrection, that terrible realization of the senseless dreams which had long been cherished by the demagogues scattered throughout Europe. Now that we have seen the practical results of the Radical programme, is it too much to hope that society will be on its guard against any repetition of the scenes of March 1871?

One of the happiest reforms introduced in consequence of the late events in France has been the suppression of the National Guard. About twenty years ago a distinguished Artillery officer, Baron Poisson, made it demonstrably clear that the indiscriminate arming of the population was an absurdity and a cause

\* *La morale utilitaire, exposition et critique.* By Ludovic Carrau. Paris: Didier.

† *Les Anglais dans l'Inde.* Par E. de Valbezen. Paris: Plon.

‡ *La guerre de France.* Par M. Charles de Mazade. Paris: Plon.

of permanent danger to society; M. de Chamborant de Périssat \* now takes up the same position, and maintains it with all the authority belonging to a man who has himself for several years held a high command on the staff of the Paris National Guard. The notion of a republic may be theoretically good—as good as that of a monarchy—but in France it has heretofore been identified with the idea of revolt against authority, and its natural means of action is the National Guard, whose tacit but real purpose is to keep alive the traditions of disorder and opposition to the powers that be. M. de Périssat gives us the whole history of the French *milice bourgeoise* from its beginning, proving—1, that it originated with the purpose of resistance to legal authority; 2, that its first act was a direct violation of the law, since the Paris National Guard took an active share in the invasion of the Palace of Versailles by the mob. The President of the Republic suppressed in 1871 the national militia—so far so good; but the revolutionists are, we are told, only biding their time, and we are warned that on the first opportunity they will endeavour to re-establish a system which they have formerly found so efficacious for the carrying out of their plans. All friends of order therefore should, in M. de Périssat's judgment, stand on their guard, and should especially seek to prevent the new army law from being wrested into a revolutionary measure.

There are certain minds which cannot grasp the truth on any subject unless the corresponding error is placed before them in the shape of a *reductio ad absurdum*. To persons thus organized we would recommend the perusal of M. Antonin Rondelet's new work.† It is some years since he endeavoured, in a novel entitled *Les mémoires d'Antoine*, which was crowned by the Académie Française, to refute the sophisms put forth by the Socialists on questions of political economy, strikes, the relations between labour and capital, &c. The *Voyage au pays des chimères* is another literary attempt of the same kind. M. Rondelet wishes to expose the revolutionary Utopias that are so fashionable just now, and to enlighten the working classes as to the real intentions of leaders who aim at trading upon their credulity and ignorance. The traveller to the land of Utopia is an innocent enthusiast ready to believe in the programme of modern reformers, and firmly persuaded that society metamorphosed according to the democratic recipe will at last be landed in the golden age. His disappointment is great at finding all these promises unfulfilled; and when the saviours of humanity substitute for liberty the most absolute and degrading slavery, he begins to discover that he has been the victim of political *chevaliers d'industrie*. M. Rondelet's satirical novel reminds us of M. Louis Reybaud's *Jérôme Paturot*, and of M. Laboulaye's *Prince Caniche*; it is a clever criticism of systems which would be ridiculous if they did not too often end in civil wars and barricades.

M. O. d'Haussonville, whose remarkable articles on Sainte-Beuve have lately attracted so much notice, now presents us with a work of considerable value.‡ It appears that a Committee of Inquiry on the penitentiary system was some time ago appointed by the French National Assembly, and that the author of the book before us was selected to act as its secretary; hence a voluminous Report, which is the more worthy of attention because it is founded on particulars furnished by official documents. M. d'Haussonville has had at his disposal information which a private person could scarcely have procured, and he was able to claim as a matter of right the statistical evidence he wanted, instead of asking for it as a favour. His work, consequently, is quite exhaustive, and we can only hope that the National Assembly will be able to introduce throughout France and the French colonies the necessary improvements suggested by him.

The artistic qualities of M. Mérimée consisted chiefly in the admirable clearness of his language, and in a kind of realism which was always pleasing because it never stooped to be vulgar. At the same time, the want of imagination which characterized his style could not but strike all readers of works in which that faculty generally has the lion's share, and his novels produce the impression of what our neighbours call a *procès verbal*—a statement of facts coolly given by a person who has no personal interest in the things which he relates. Applied to subjects connected with archaeology and erudition, this kind of writing is of course the reverse of attractive to the general public; and though an antiquary should carefully avoid loading his essays with meretricious ornaments and similes borrowed from *feuilleton* literature, he ought, on the other hand, to take some pains to put them in an artistic form. At any rate M. Mérimée is one of the safest of guides, and the student need not fear to meet in his books with *à priori* theories and hypotheses devoid of foundation. The volume which has suggested these remarks comprises five articles originally published as reports, addressed to the Minister of Public Instruction, on national monuments examined by M. Mérimée.§

The third edition of M. Wallon's History of Joan of Arc, now issued in a cheaper and more economical form, deserves to be mentioned here on account of the care with which the author has

revised his work, and availed himself of every fresh source of information within his reach.\* The appendices which form a considerable part of each volume should be attentively studied in connexion with the several points which they are intended to illustrate; for they contain the explanation of many details which at first sight seem of a doubtful nature, and they also rectify sundry errors committed by Monstrelet and other contemporary annalists. Thus M. Michelet, in his History of France, taking as his authority several documents belonging to the early part of the fifteenth century, asserts that the Dukes of Bedford and of Gloucester had agreed together for the purpose of putting the Duke of Burgundy to death. There is no doubt that these rumours reached the ear of the intended victim, but they had no foundation, so far at least as the existence of an actual plot is concerned; and the letters supposed to contain evidence of that plot are now known to have been forged by a certain Guillaume Benoit, aided and abetted by some agents of the Earl of Richmond. The monograph devoted by M. Wallon to the Maid of Orleans is an excellent work, and it would be still more excellent if the author had completed it with an alphabetical index.

The fifth volume of M. Lanfrey's History of Napoleon † takes us from 1809 to the preparations for the Russian campaign in 1811. It is written in the same attractive style as the preceding ones, and it must be confessed that the period of which it treats, corresponding as it does with the highest pressure of Imperial despotism, amply warrants the severe judgment of the author. In a long and very interesting note M. Lanfrey exposes the untrustworthy character of the correspondence of Napoleon I., and denounces as it deserves the effrontery with which it was transformed into a panegyric of Bonapartism, both by the suppression or mutilation of numerous letters, and by the introduction of others absolutely destitute of authenticity.

The third volume of M. Sainte-Beuve's *Premiers lundis* ‡ is the last of the collection, and it reproduces a number of articles which have either appeared in various journals or served as prefaces to editions of popular works. It apparently leaves nothing now unpublished except the correspondence, to which we look forward with much interest; and in order to make up a good-sized duodecimo, the editors have added an alphabetical index professing to give a general view of all the author's works. They acknowledge in a note that a list of this kind, to be complete, must be something like the one which terminates M. Sainte-Beuve's *Port Royal*; it ought to make a volume of itself. In its present shape it is quite useless, except for researches of a very vague and general character. Amongst the pieces here put together the reader will find three speeches delivered in the Senate and previously issued as separate pamphlets; one of them, composed on the subject of the popular libraries, created at the time a perfect scandal, and led to a challenge which M. Sainte-Beuve very properly declined. In a letter addressed to his opponent, the critic shows the absurdity of disposing of a question and suppressing a man in the short space of forty-eight hours, and we cannot help thinking that, bad as was the cause which he had undertaken to defend, he so far had the advantage over his fellow-Senators that for many of them the championship of moral and religious ideas was a grotesque piece of inconsistency. In closing this volume, made up, as the French would say, *de pièces et de morceaux*, we must express a hope that at some future time, when the whole literary productions of M. Sainte-Beuve are collected and printed, a carefully revised edition will be prepared, giving the immense repertory of essays systematically arranged in a definite form.

The work of M. Edmond Demolins§, written from the anti-revolutionary point of view, begins with a severe denunciation of the historical reading provided in the French *lycées* and public schools. A few years ago M. Augustin Thierry said that the then existing class-books on history generally combined the greatest amount of chronological accuracy with an equal proportion of historical error. M. Demolins complains that this accusation is still justified by facts. With a few exceptions as regards the seventeenth century, professors and lecturers concentrate all their efforts upon the Revolution. Boys are taught to believe that beyond 1789 there is nothing but gross darkness, ignorance, and tyranny. For them the immortal "principles of 1789" are a dogma which must be blindly received, and the mediæval epoch deserves nothing but contempt. A more careful study of history, however, convinced M. Demolins that the real state of the case was precisely the opposite of what he had been accustomed to believe. The public liberties were founded by the *bourgeois* of the middle ages. The revolutionists have destroyed them, and even the historians of the democratic school are obliged to confess that the result at which France has arrived after a struggle of eighty years is a despotism which our modern Jacobins would denounce most furiously if it were exercised by a king, whilst they fondly cherish it so long as it is in their own hands. M. Demolins divides his volume into three books, treating respectively (1) of the transition from heathen to Christian institutions; (2) of the conquest of liberty through the Communal movement; (3) of the

\* *L'armée de la Révolution, ses généraux et ses soldats*. Par A. de Chamborant de Périssat. Paris: Plon.

† *Mon voyage au pays des chimères*. Par Antonin Rondelet. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Les établissements pénitentiaires en France et aux colonies*. Par le vicomte d'Haussonville. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Études sur les arts au moyen-âge*. Par P. Mérimée. Paris: Lévy.

\* *Jeanne d'Arc*. Par H. Wallon. 3rd edition. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Histoire de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>*. Par P. Lanfrey. Vol. 5. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Premiers lundis*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Vol. 3. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Le mouvement communal et municipal au moyen-âge*. Par E. Demolins. Paris: Didier.



successful attempt made by the legists under Philip the Fair and his successors to establish absolute monarchy on the ruins of municipal franchises and of the power of the Church. The text is illustrated by copious references to the original sources, and an appendix of documents completes it. Our author believes that a conscientious study of mediæval history is the best means of curing the revolutionary fever which has taken possession of modern France, and he is warmly encouraged in his efforts by M. Le Play, to whom the work is inscribed. M. Demolins unfortunately writes under the influence of violent party spirit, and his animosity against the University so completely blinds him that it makes him forget the nature of the historical programme published by order of the Government. Too much stress may perhaps be laid in it on the reign of Louis XIV. and on the Revolutionary period, but the middle ages certainly occupy a place in the curriculum of studies, and we can remember the many hours we spent at the old *Lycée* in unravelling the genealogies of the Merovingians and the mysteries of the Hundred Years' War.

M. Odilon Barrot played so conspicuous a part in the events of the last half-century that his memoirs are sure to excite great interest\*, and, if we may judge from the first volume, lately published, the reader will not be disappointed. M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who, together with M. Corbin, has acted on the present occasion as literary executor, gives us in an excellent introduction some details respecting his late friend's political career, and the MSS. now printed under his supervision. It is much to be regretted that a very large part of the original work, that relating to the events which immediately followed the Revolution of 1830, has been lost; M. Odilon Barrot was then in a most prominent position, and he rendered exceptional services during the course of the trial which Charles X.'s Ministers had to undergo before the Chamber of Peers. The missing chapters of the Memoirs would no doubt have thrown considerable light upon that event, and the editors have been obliged to make up for their absence by printing some passages from a letter written in 1831 by M. Barrot to his friend M. Sarrans. The volume now before us, printed in small type, includes the entire reign of Louis Philippe, and the introductory chapter is full of interest, from the particulars it gives us as to the author's legal studies, the magistracy, the Paris Bar during the Restoration, political life, &c. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the style in which the book is written; the description of the old King's abdication, and of the whole episode ending with the embarking of the Royal Family at Cherbourg, is particularly good.

MM. Adolphe Dupont and Bouquet de la Grye have jointly produced a work which is full both of scientific information and of practical details†, and which ought to meet with an extensive circulation. The growth of trees, their physiology, the relation of their various organs to one another, form an introductory chapter, excellently illustrated by engravings. After studying the tree as an isolated being, we are led to consider groups of trees, forests, and plantations, and to examine different methods of culture. The statistical details given in the third chapter include the principal nations of Europe; then come questions connected with the commercial uses of timber, the manner of ascertaining the defects of trees, the tools employed, the classification of the different kinds of woods prepared for trading and manufacturing purposes, and a description of the foreign timber imported into France. The volume is a most useful one of its kind.

We can hardly form an opinion of the new geographical work‡ projected by M. Reclus from the three instalments which have as yet appeared. The advertisement accompanying the first part tells us that ten or twelve volumes may be expected, and that, notwithstanding the 2,000 maps intended to illustrate the letterpress, our author does not mean to supersede atlases and gazetteers. M. Reclus aims at giving an accurate description of the several countries of the globe without entering too much into statistical details, or, on the other hand, indulging in what we should call mere fine writing. His previous volume, *La terre*, which must be well known to many of our readers, will best show what is aimed at in the present work, to which it may be considered as an introduction.

The sixth and last instalment of M. Lamartine's Correspondence begins with 1842, and ends just after the *coup d'état*.§ We are thus transported into the very midst of the orator's political career, and we see him raised, by the success of the *Girondins* and the downfall of Louis Philippe, to a position whose dazzling but transient brilliancy has few parallels in history. But the *dessous des cartes* is very melancholy, and it is painful to see the author of the *Méditations poétiques* compelled by the pressure of money difficulties to hunt about for publishers, and to calculate how long he can live on a sum of four thousand francs. It is evident that Mme. Valentine Lamartine has made a selection from a mass of letters ten times more numerous than what are printed here; yet the specimens given are not always as interesting as one could wish, especially in this sixth volume, corresponding to a time when M. de Lamartine

must have exchanged letters with persons much more important than MM. Rolland, Dubois, Valette, or even M. de la Guéronnière. Taken as a whole, the collection is disappointing, and compares unfavourably with the correspondence of M. de Tocqueville, for instance.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 6d., or \$7 50 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 17 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

## PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

## CONTENTS OF No. 1,025, JUNE 5, 1875:

The Peace of Europe.  
The Privilege Question. The French Public Powers Bill.  
Sir Stafford Northcote and his Critics. Corrupt Practices at Elections.  
Efficiency of the Army. The Women's Suffrage Meeting.  
The Friendly Societies Bill. Peaceful Coercion.  
Pleasure and Education.  
New New College. A Little Dinner in the Country.  
New Seas. Scotch Feeding Markets. Grounds of Toleration. Mr. Jenkins.  
Signor Salvini's Hamlet. The Theatre.  
Curtius's History of the Roman Empire.  
Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher. The Moltke Narrative of Sedan.  
International Vanities. Little-Russian Historical Poems.  
Kennedy's Aristophanes. Trotter's History of India.  
For the King's Dues. French Literature.

## CONTENTS OF No. 1,022, MAY 29, 1875:

England and the Continent—Mr. Fawcett on Local Taxation—The French Assembly—Spain—The Tipperary Election—A Minister of Commerce and Agriculture—Religious Processions—The Instructions on Recruiting—The Sunday Question.  
The Future of the Indian Civil Service—The Sermon Trade—The Arctic Expedition—The New Forest—The Prussian Bishops and the Government—South Kensington in Difficulties—The Royal Academy. IV.—The Opera: Verdi's Requiem—The Derby.  
Gardiner's England under Buckingham and Charles I.—The Duke and the Scholar—Glimpses of the Supernatural—The Fiji Islands—Three Feathers—The Moltke Narrative of Sedan—Ribot on Heredity—Pettigrew's Handy Book of Bees—Jilted.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—JAEEL, PAPINI, LASSERRE, &c.,  
Tuesday, June 5, St. James's Hall, Three o'clock.—Quartet, Op. 25 (first time) Brahms; Quartet, E flat, Op. 44, Mendelssohn; Trio, Op. 1, No. 3, Beethoven; Piano-forte Solo, Jael. Tickets, 7s. 6d., at Lucas & Co.'s, Oliver's, and Austin's. Visitors can pay at the Hall, Regent Street.—Director, Professor ELLA Victoria Square.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—A TALE OF OLD CHINA; a Musical Sketch, entitled R. & V. P., concluding with VERY CATCHING.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place, Oxford Circus.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-FOURTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

ALFRED D. WRIFF, Secretary.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE OF "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vierge," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 25 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—EXHIBITION, including the fine Picture, SNOWDON in WINTER, and many New large ALPINE, EASTERN, and other Drawings, NOW OPEN. Burlington Gallery, 1st Piccadilly. Ten to Six. Admission and Catalogue, 1s.

\* *Mémoires posthumes d'Odilon Barrot*. Vol. 1. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Les bois indigènes et étrangers*. Par A. Dupont et A. Bonquet de la Grye. Paris: Rothschild.

‡ *Nouvelle géographie universelle; la terre et les hommes*. Par Elisée Reclus. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Correspondance de Lamartine*. Publié par Mme. Valentine de Lamartine. Vol. 6. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

**COROT'S WORKS.**—A COLLECTION (the largest ever made in England) of the Works of this most eminent of Modern Landscape Painters is now ON VIEW at COTTIER & CO.'S Art Rooms, 8 Pall Mall.

**COTTIER & CO.'S ART ROOMS, 8 Pall Mall.**—A large COLLECTION of the WORKS of COROT, and of other eminent Modern Painters, is now ON VIEW.

**THE MARLBOROUGH DINNER.**—The TRIENNIAL DINNER will be held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Tuesday, June 29 next, at 7.45. The Rev. J. S. THOMAS in the Chair. Tickets (including Wine), 25s. 6d. each. Old Marlburians intending to Dine are particularly requested to apply for Tickets before Saturday, June 26, at Willis's Rooms, or to either of the Hon. Secs.

69 Chancery Lane, W.C.

C. COMYNS TUCKER, Hon. Secs.  
THOMAS H. CARSON.

**CLIFTON COLLEGE.**—The SCHOLARSHIPS.—TEN or more will be open for Competition at Midsummer next, value £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in the case of Scholars who require it. Further particulars may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

**SHERBORNE SCHOOL.**—The SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION is fixed for June 24 and 25.—Apply to the BURSAR.

**WELLINGTON COLLEGE.**—OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS, 1875.—There will be an EXAMINATION in June, beginning on Tuesday, June 22, at 9 A.M., for SIX JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS and ONE BENSON SCHOLARSHIP.—For particulars apply to Rev. THE BURSAR, Wellington College, Wokingham; writing outside the envelope, "Open Scholarships."

**MORGAN JENKINS, M.A. (Wrangler),** assisted by an able Staff of Graduates in First Class Honours (including a Second in First Class of Natural Science Tripos), prepares RESIDENT and NON-RESIDENT PUPILS for Cooper's Hill, Woolwich, and Army Examinations. Four out of Six sent up for Cooper's Hill have Passed.—Address, 50 Cornhill Road, Westbourne Park, W.

**FOLKESTONE.**—Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. (Scholar) Oxon, assisted by a Cambridge Honour-Man and a competent staff of Teachers, prepares for the Universities and for all Competitive Examinations. Pupils successful at the last Seven Military Examinations.

**OVERSLADE, near RUGBY.**—A First-Class PREPARATORY SCHOOL, under the Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Corp. Coll., Cambridge, and formerly Assistant-Master at Shrewsbury School and Wellington College.

**PARISIAN FRENCH.**—16 Brook Street, Hanover Square, and Rue Bréguet, 48, Paris.—By MM. de FONTANIER and J. L. DONT. Special instruction for acquiring facility in French conversation. Petite cour de Français en 12 Leçons, pour un ou plusieurs élèves; conversation, style, et étude des idiomes et finesses de la langue, le mardi, mercredi, et samedi de 1 à 5 heures, et tous les soirs de 7 à 9 heures.

**UNIVERSITY DEGREES.**—GENTLEMEN desirous of obtaining a DEGREE in Divinity, Arts, Law, Philosophy, Science, Music, Engineering, Letters, Chemistry, Medicine, or Dentistry, should communicate with MEDICUS, 45 King Street, Jersey, England.

**WANTED, by a GENTLEMAN,** an Oxford Graduate in Honours, aged Twenty-six, the post of SECRETARY or CONFIDENTIAL AGENT to a Nobleman, Member of Parliament, or Private Gentleman.—Apply by letter to W., New University Club, St. James's Street, London.

**OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER** PROFESSORSHIP OF JURISPRUDENCE AND LAW.

The Council of the College propose to make an appointment, previous to the commencement of the next session, of a PROFESSOR OF JURISPRUDENCE AND LAW. Gentlemen willing to become Candidates are invited to send in applications and testimonials, addressed to the Council, under cover to the Registrar, not later than Saturday, June 12 next. The emoluments of the office will be derived from a fixed Stipend of £200 per annum, and a share of Students' fees. Further information will be given on application to J. G. GREENWOOD, LL.D., Principal of the College.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

**A RETIRED INDIAN OFFICER** and his Wife, without Family, desire to offer the advantage of a HOME for THREE or FOUR CHILDREN, whose Parents may be in India or the Colonies.—Address, W. C. P., 5 Hill Park Crescent, Plymouth, Devon.

**LAW TUTOR.**—A BARRISTER-AT-LAW (LL.B. in honours), experienced and successful, PREPARES, at Chambers (also by Post), for the BAR, SOLICITORS, and LAW DEGREES.—Address, LL.B., Reeves & Turner, Chancery Lane, W.C.

**WANTED, by a MEDICAL PRACTITIONER,** residing in a lovely Village in Kent, with a large house and beautiful garden, a PRIVATE PATIENT requiring MEDICAL SUPERVISION; an Elderly Lady or Gentleman preferred. Terms, £200 a year.—Address, ALPHA, care of Messrs. Argles & Stotham, Wholesale Druggists, Maidstone.

**HYDROPATHY.**—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill. Physician.—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. For Invalids and those requiring rest and change. Turkish Bath on the premises. Private entrance to Richmond Park.

**OVERLAND ROUTE and SUEZ CANAL.**—Under Contract for the conveyance of the Mails to the Mediterranean, India, China, Japan, and Australia. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company despatch their Steamers from Southampton, via the Suez Canal, every Thursday, from Venice every Friday, and from Brindisi, with the Overland Mail, every Monday.—Offices, 12 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

**MIDLAND RAILWAY.**—TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1875. Arrangements for the issue of first and third class Tourist Tickets will be in force from May 15 to October 31, 1875. For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company. Derby, May 1875. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

**BRIGHTON—BEDFORD HOTEL.**—Facing Sea and Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Suites of Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Hotel. ROBERT PARK, Manager.

**ILFRACOMBE HOTEL, Ilfracombe, North Devon.**—The Summer Season has commenced at this delightful place. Appointments, Cuisine and Wines perfect, with choice of 500 Rooms. Tariff on application to MANAGER.

**THE GRANVILLE HOTEL.**—Replete with Home comforts. Beautiful Views, Sea and Shipping. Turkish, Ozene, Saline, Plunge, Hydrophatic, Salt and Fresh Water Baths. American Bowling Alley and Billiard Rooms. Table-d'ôte 6.30.—Address, THE MANAGER, St. Lawrence-on-Sea, Margate.

**RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CRESTS, and ADDRESSES** Designed, and Steel Dies Engraved as Gems. RAISED, RUSTIC, GROTESQUE, and ECCENTRIC MONOGRAMS artistically designed for any combination of Letters. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in Colour Relief, and brilliantly illuminated in Gold, Silver, and Colours, in the highest Style of Art. At HENRY RODRIGUES', 43 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

**E. DENT & CO., 61 Strand, and 34 Royal Exchange,** Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns. Makers of the Great Westminster Clock, and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Sole addresses, 61 Strand, 34 Royal Exchange, and Factory, Savoy Street, London.

**FURNISH YOUR HOUSE at DEANE & COMPANY'S.** Illustrated Catalogue, with priced Furnishing List, post free.

Table Knives, Ivory, per dozen, from 15s. Electro Forks, Table, from 25s. 6s. Spoons, 25s. Paper-Matched Tea Trays, in Sets, from 15s. Electro Tea and Coffee Sets, from 45 7s. Dish Covers—Tin, Metal, Electro. Electro Grates and Lamps. Patent Rock Oil, Moderator, &c. Branded Tea and Coffee Urns. China and Glass. Dinner Services, &c. A Discount of Five per cent. for Cash Payments of £5 and upwards. DEANE & COMPANY, 46 King William Street, London Bridge, E.C. Established A.D. 1700.

## SPOONS AND FORKS.

**M A P P I N & W E B B,** Manufacturers of ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE Of the highest quality.

Illustrated Catalogues Post Free. Larger Edition on receipt of 12 Stamps. MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, POULTRY, E.C.; and OXFORD STREET (76, 77, and 79), WEST END, LONDON. MANUFACTORY AND SHOW ROOMS—ROYAL CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

**LAMPS and CANDLES.**—BARCLAY & SON, 130 Regent Street, London.

LAMP MAKERS and WAX CHANDLERS to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Beg to call the attention of the Public to their entirely new Stock of MODERATOR and KEROSENE TABLE and SUSPENSION LAMPS, in real Japanese, Satsuma, Hizen, Glen, and Majolica Wares, Brass and Repousse Work, Platina, Silver Plate, &c. Genuine WAX CANDLES, for Church use, made to order.

**HOWARD'S PATENT WOOD TAPESTRY DECORATIONS** can be applied to all even surfaces, being an adaptation of real Wood in lieu of painting or paper-hanging; beautiful in effect and exceedingly durable. HOWARD & SONS, Decorators, 25, 26, and 27 Berners Street, London, W.

HARLAND & FISHER, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

**A R T D E C O R A T O R S.** CHURCH and DOMESTIC DECORATION. PAINTED MAJOLICA TILES. EMBROIDERY. PAPER-HANGINGS and ART FURNITURE.

**THE LITERARY MACHINE (Patented),** for holding a Book or Writing Desk, Lamp, Meala, &c., in any position over an Easy Chair, Bed, or Sofa, obviating the fatigue and inconvenience of incessant stooping while Reading or Writing. Invaluable to Invalids and Students. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful Gift. Prices from 25s. Illustrated Pamphlets post free.

J. CARTER, 6A New Cavendish Street, Great Portland Street, W.

**CLARK'S PATENT STEEL NOISELESS SHUTTERS,** Self-Closing, Fire and Thief Proof, can be adapted to any Window or other Opening. Prospectuses free.—CLARK & CO., Sole Patentees, Rathbone Place, W.; Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin.

**THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER** will cut long or wet Grass (as well as short and dry) without clogging. Is extremely light in draught, simple in construction, and not likely to get out of order. It can be used with or without Grass Box. Warranted to give satisfaction.

THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER is "the quickest, most simple, and most efficient Mower ever used."—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER is especially adapted for Cutting Slopes, Steep Embankments, under Shrubs, and close up to Trees, &c.

THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER. Prices from One Guinea. Delivered carriage free to all Stations. Illustrated Catalogue and Testimonials post free on application.

THE "ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER.—WILLIAMS & CO., Limited, Manufacturers and Patentees, 35 King William Street, London.

SELLERS: ARTHUR ROBINSON & CO., Old Swan Wharf, Thames Street, London. WALTER CARSON & SONS, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London; and 21 Bachelor's Walk, Dublin.

**CAUTION.—WATERMARK "TOBACCO"** Messrs. W. D. & H. O. WILLS intimate that, to prevent Fraud, every packet of their "BEST BIRDSEYE" Tobacco now bears the NAME and TRADE-MARK of their firm, both printed on and WOVEN IN the paper.

FOR THE COLD BATH, &c. &c.

**CASH'S KNITTED ROUGH TOWELS**

CAN BE ORDERED THROUGH HOSEIERS and DRAPERS, &c., EVERYWHERE. See the words "J. & J. Cash's Patent Rough Towel," woven on each.

**LOUIS SILBERBERG** will undertake to supply Noblemen, Gentlemen, Clubs, and Hotels with any CIGARS of the same brands and qualities as they are in the habit of smoking at 2s. to 25s. per Box less than they can obtain them for elsewhere. A Sample Box of every description of Cigars sent on receipt of Post Office Order for One Pound, payable to LOUIS SILBERBERG, 104 Cheapside.

SILBERBERG's combination of the choicest Tobaccos, equal in flavour and aroma to a fine Havana Cigar, is the cheapest and best Tobacco in the Kingdom. Packed in parchment, 2s. per lb.

**IRON WINE BINS.**—VIENNA MEDAL awarded to FARROW & JACKSON, 14 Great Tower Street, and 8 Haymarket, London. Wrought-iron Bins as fitted by them in the Royal Palaces and the largest cellars of the Wine Trade; Cellular Bins, with separate rest for each bottle; Exhibit Bins, displaying seals and capsules of bottle; New Patent Double Bins, with same advantage; French Bins; Soda-Water Bins; and every article for Wine, from the Grape-Press to the Decanting-Machine. Illustrated Priced Catalogues.

**NOTICE.**—The SALE of BARLOW'S CASK STANDS (which admit of the liquor being drawn off bright to the last drop) and SYPHON TAPS (which require no Vent-Pipe) TRANSFERRED TO FARROW & JACKSON, 14 Great Tower Street, and 8 Haymarket, London.

**KINAHAN'S . . . . . WHISKY.** This celebrated and most delicious old mellow Spirit is the very CREAM of IRISH WHISKIES, is unrivalled, perfectly pure, and more wholesome than the finest Cognac Brandy. Note the Red Seal, Pink Label, and Cork branded "Kinahan's . . . . . Whisky." Wholesale Depot, 30 GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

**E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CONDIMENTS.** E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, beg to remind the Public that every article prepared by them is guaranteed as entirely Unadulterated.—29 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square (late 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square), and 18 Trinity Street, London, S.E.

**HARVEY'S SAUCE.**—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle, prepared by E. LAZENBY & SON, bears the Label used so many years, signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."

IN CONSEQUENCE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS OF

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,** which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA & PERRINS have adopted a NEW LABEL, bearing their Signature, "LEA & PERRINS," which will be placed on every Bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE after this Date, and without which none is Genuine. Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross & Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen generally. Retail, by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.—November 1874.

JOHN BURGESS & SON'S

ORIGINAL AND SUPERIOR

**ESSENCE OF ANCHOVIES**

HAS BEEN MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THEM FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AT

107 STRAND (CORNER OF SAVOY STEPS), LONDON.

Order of your Grocer, but see that you get "JOHN BURGESS & SON'S."

**FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.**

"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard*.

"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air*, Edited by Dr. HASSELL.

FIVE PRIZE MEDALS awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

**PURE AERATED WATERS.**—ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—CRYSTAL SPRINGS.—Soda, Potash, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, &c. Gout, Lithia and Potash. Corks branded "R. ELLIS & SON, RUTHIN." and every Label bears their Trade Mark. Sold everywhere, and Wholesale of R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales. London Agents: W. BENT & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.